

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1875.

The Attonement of Yeann Dundas.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

NORTH ASTON.



THOSE who admired the kind of thing it was, North Aston was one of the loveliest places to be found in England. It was indeed an ideal bit of English scenery, best described in its summer aspect, when the golden meadows were rich with flowers and the odorous woods were kingdoms of unknown treasures full of the mystery of life and loveliness. In winter it was barren and desolate enough, but in summer it was an Eden; a place to make the dwellers in towns and stony places travelling on the high road that overlooked

but did not enter the valley sorrowful for the one part and envious for the other; a place where it seemed only logical to expect a human nature void of passion, and a society in fitting harmony therewith.

It had everything to perfect a landscape. There was the clear trout-

stream winding through the fields and woods, giving the sentiment of travel and a beyond as it flowed through the home from secret sources, then passed away to lands unknown. Two miles down, the valley suddenly straitened to a narrow gorge, where the road had been made side by side with the river by cutting into the rocks that rose on either side, now cleft into rifts where the sun never shone and the white threads of falling water never ceased, now thrown forward in overhanging masses like great grey bones projecting from among the trees and ferns.

Up the valley, the high lands broadened into a breezy moor, purple with heath and heather, peopled with bird and beast, whence could be seen—as things in a dream, perceived but not belonging—the spires of cities and the smoke of distant railroads, the mansions of the great and the tall chimneys of factories; to the left the line of blue hills like a veil of vapour, to the right the shimmer of the sea like a belt of silver, against the sky. Down below were the green pastures where herds of kine, sedate and ruminant, stood knee-deep in quiet pools, or stood by the meadow gates lowing for the milking-pails. Fields of yellowing grain were starred with blood-red poppies and ox-eye daisies, purple cranesbill and the shining disks of marigold—beautiful to sight if unprofitable for husbandry; the hedges were sweet with roses and woodbine in the summer, bright with berries in the autumn; stately forest trees, like lords of the land, overshadowed field and fence at intervals; and more rare flowers grew about North Aston than elsewhere in England. In like manner more rare birds and insects were to be found here than elsewhere; and the quiet little village only wanted its local Gilbert White to be rendered as famous as was ever Selborne. But the pride of the place was the old ruined castle of Dunaston, on the heights commanding the gorge. Originally one of the strongholds of the county, it was now a mere ruin abandoned to tradition and decay. “The Duke” to whom it belonged cared for nothing that did not bring him absolute profit or its equivalent in pleasure. He kept his modern shooting-box on the moor weather-tight and well-provided, but he let the grand old castle crumble year by year and stone by stone till little beyond fragments of the outer walls was now left standing; and soon there would not be enough even of these to shelter the ghost that still lived there.

For of course the castle was haunted: how should it not be? The young bride of low degree, whom the cruel lady mother had done to death three hundred years ago in the good old way of walling up alive in one of the upper dungeons, was to be seen at times flitting through the ruined arches and across the grass-grown court, wringing her hands in the moonlight, wailing shrilly in the storm—an evil omen enough to whomsoever it befel; for how many had not seen it and suffered in consequence? It would have been safer for a man to deny the story of Lot's wife, or that the sun stood still in the Valley of Ajalon, than to cast doubt on the ghost of Dunaston. He who should so deny it might never hope to hold up his head again in the place, nor to shake off to his dying

day the name of atheist, and consequent reputation of an evil-doer. The Dunaston ghost was the fetish of the place ; and fetishes are sacred.

The village set in the midst of this lovely, sleepy scenery was little better than a hamlet, and had no more commercial conveniences. But as all the land was owned by one or two large proprietors who would not sell for building purposes, and who would have considered the place defiled had a mill or a manufactory risen within cannon-range of their preserves, the villagers were bound to accept what was given to them, and to make no complaints of what they could not alter. The market-town of Sherrington was full nine miles away ; the roads were bad, and North Aston was on the way to nowhere ; trade there was none ; movement there was none : but it was a lovely place to look at ; and the æsthetics have their uses.

All the same, if it was such a place as poets love to write of and artists to delineate, it was one also where the poor, stagnating in mind and fortune, live, toil, and die, very little removed from the beasts they pasture ; and where the wives and daughters of the resident gentry, beating themselves like birds against the wires of their cages, spend half their lives in bewailing the dulness of the other half.

There was the village smithy where they discussed the local news and hammered out clumsy shoes that lamed the horses ; the village mill where the best local business was done, bad enough when at the best ; and the one general shop which sold everything in a way, and that a poor one, but which was considered sufficiently good for the villagers by the gentry who got their grocery from Piccadilly and their millinery from Bond Street ; and there was the one beershop, the supervision over which was strict and the hour of closing early, with repeated threats from the rector, as senior magistrate, of the loss of license should there be too much noise or any drunkenness. Indeed the need of the "Wellington" was scarcely seen at all by the gentry who laid down their pipes of wine discreetly, and let their barrels of beer mellow in their ample cellars till they became fit drink for the gods. There were the stately mansions of the few families constituting the local aristocracy standing on the slopes in favoured places, turned to the sun and sheltered from the wind ; and in the bottom, among the swamps and drainage, a clustered handful of ill-ventilated, ill-constructed cottages, mostly picturesque and all unserviceable—the thatched roofs, brown and mossy, letting in the rain ; the rustie porches, which had been given by the landlords to look pretty and make a picture, with ivy and creepers running up the trellis, harbouring insects and mildew ; the small lozenge-paned windows that did not open, keeping the rooms close and foul ; all artistic and unhealthy, lovely to look at and bad to live in.

But it made a pleasant picture for the great people to admire from the windows of their spacious rooms ; and the girls liked to sketch the "bits." When the miller, one Jonathan Dobson, got leave to slate his roof in place of the rotten old thatch, and so by degrees transformed his

picturesque, rustic fever-trap into a square, ugly, comfortable little house, there was quite a commotion at the Hall where the Harrowbys lived. The thatched ivy-grown cottage had "composed" in the most perfect manner from their windows; and they regarded the slated, ugly, comfortable little house as in a manner an infringement on their rights, and a piece of impertinence from the miller to his superiors.

North Aston was a village which might stand as the model of superior control. It had neither village rowdiness nor village immorality, and knew as little of religious dissent as of political independence. Even the blacksmith was a decent fellow who went to church with the rest, and the very tailor was a good Conservative, and in no wise tainted with free-thought. No mute inglorious Milton had ever questioned of fate, free will, or the sanctity of marriage at the smithy forum; and no village Hampden had been known to hold treasonable discourses concerning the rights of man or the wrongs of the poor at the alehouse on the green. No one thereabouts had inconvenient aspirations or nourished subversive discontents; and since the year 1817, when a godless ruffian, who had returned from the wars a worse man than he went into them, had murdered his sweetheart for jealousy in Steel's Wood, not a crime beyond the pettiest form of petty larceny, or a scolding match between two shrews, had sullied the simple annals of the place. It was as much the perfection of rustic order as of rustic beauty—a little community of ignorant unambitious men and women strangled in the grasp of superiority. They had not energy enough to be even vicious; certainly not energy enough to be discontented, but accepted their pinched and deadened lives as of the unalterable ordination of Providence, thinking it hard sometimes when work was slack and food scarce, but comforting themselves with texts bearing on patience and the Lord's will. They were proud, too, of their local aristocracy, and accepted them as superior beings whom it was only right and righteous should be endowed better than themselves; holding it part of their religion to pay them worshipful obedience, and to keep the tenth commandment, when they contrasted circumstances and conditions.

Of this small community the rector was naturally the immediate lord and head. To be sure the real lord of the manor was the Duke, to whom the whole of the land belonged with few exceptions; but the Duke was like the Czar to the Russian peasant, too far off for human needs, and for all practical purposes the rector held them in leash. Domination was part of his prerogative; and he was a man who did not disdain prerogatives. The living was worth about a thousand a year, and the population of the parish was not more than three hundred souls, all told. They were precious plants in the ecclesiastical vineyard as times go, when many a man is paid perhaps not one-third that sum for cultivating twenty times as many. It would have argued bad husbandry if they had not been kept well pruned, if not fruitful, at such a cost to the clerical treasury.

The rector, however, was neither very solicitous nor very sanguine about his vineyard. He took his income as his right, and he gave his services as a grace subject only to the control of his diocesan; but he thought the souls in his charge would be neither better nor worse for the cessation of his ministrations, holding them as too wooden on the one side and too brutish on the other to be much improved by anything man could say. He had the gentleman's contempt for his inferiors and the comparatively educated man's scorn of crass ignorance. Christian as he was, he clung to his own interpretation of the "many mansions," which he held to be the allotment of celestial lodgings, first floor or basement, according to present conditions; haughtily disclaiming the doctrine of equality even in Paradise; and often saying, "Do you think such a man as Jonathan Dobson and I can be equals?"

Good as his pay was he was not inclined to think his lot as the sleepy pruner of these sapless straggling plants too enviable, and could never be brought to confess that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. And indeed, it was one of the deadest, dulllest livings to be found within the four seas; one of those placid stagnant pools which the great waves of progress and commerce have left undisturbed, and where the hand of time stands where it stood fifty years ago. True, there were such modern innovations as a foot post who did his eighteen miles a day from and to Sherrington the market-town, and whose business was almost wholly with the gentry; and a railway station at Aston Bar, eight miles off. But the echoes of the world without that came to North Aston by these means were very few and faint, and the life that drifted there down into eternity was life of the least eventful kind known to man.

The place contained but five families of position, without any of those indeterminate quantities, that intermediary fringe connecting the high and low together, found in large communities. There had once been a person of this kind, a certain Miss Snelling, a retired milliner, always called "poor Miss Snelling" by the ladies when they spoke of her. Poor Miss Snelling had of course never been admitted into anything like equality by the great people; but each house had made it a point of Christian charity to send her a bunch of grapes in the season, and the ladies asked her up once in the year to afternoon tea when no one else was there, and they thought they might as well do their duty and get it over. As she had been a humble and grateful kind of person who never forgot her shop manners of deferential obsequiousness, she had been the more readily recognised as a kind of inferior sister in the Lord; and because she made no efforts to assert her claims to a common humanity, but was willing to be treated as a worm if they were so minded, she slipped into a position resembling that of a petted lady's-maid, sometimes patronized, sometimes snubbed, but not suffered to decline the one or to resent the other method of recognition made according to the mood of her social superiors.

But Miss Snelling was dead now, poor soul; and her pretty little cottage, marked "Lion-Hut" by the Ordnance surveyors but called

"Lionnet" by the people thereabouts, was empty, and likely to remain so. It was the property of Mr. Dundas, of Andalusia Cottage; but, pretty and enticing as it was, no candidate for its tenancy had yet come forward, and Lionnet was the one sole vacant habitation, and the one sole habitation of the second class to be found in the district.

So that the place contained in reality but five families of position, as has been said; not counting the Duke when he came to the moor in the shooting season, nor the various magnates to be found at the distance of twelve or thirteen miles.

These five families were—the Rector and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, with their only daughter, Adelaide; the Harrowbys of the Hill—Mrs. Harrowby quite recently a widow, with three daughters and two sons, of whom Edgar, the elder, was at present with his regiment in India, and Francis, the younger, practising at the bar in London; Dr. and Mrs. Corfield, and their son Alick, at Steel's Corner; Mr. and Mrs. Dundas, with their little daughter Leam, at Andalusia Cottage; and the Fairbairns, of the Limes—a large family of boys and girls, six of a sort, ranging from a young man, Cyril, at college, to a baby in the cradle. These made up the gentry of North Aston; at the best a small society of Major Gods in their leafy Olympus, and one that promised but few elements for dramatic story.

CHAPTER II.

WHO LIVED THERE.

THERE was nothing very remarkable about these people. The rector, a handsome, irresponsible kind of gentleman, with a fine figure, a high nose, and a small head—who looked fitter to have been the colonel of a crack regiment than the priest of a church founded by a handful of Jewish communists—had taken orders because North Aston was a family living, and it would have been flying in the face of Providence to refuse the bread already buttered for him. His life had been, in consequence, the life of a man who, having failed in his natural vocation, has never reconciled himself to that which he has undertaken per force.

He had done his duty in a perfunctory and spiritless way, satisfied with peace and never seeking after improvement. He had a profound contempt for the poor and considered them hopelessly degraded; but at the same time he held that they, the many, must be kept degraded for the good of us, the refined few. "Society wants these ignorant wretches groping in dirt and darkness," he used to say with his martial air. "The world has never yet got on without its helots, and never will; and it is only fools or knaves who seek to abolish them."

Yet he was not unpopular in the place where he drew his ten hundred a year and left his three hundred souls to struggle to the light as they best could. On the days when he was free from gout, he spoke to his

ragged sheep with the good-natured familiarity of a high-handed gentleman condescending to his inferiors; but when his 'twenty-seven port played tricks with his blood, then there was a general uncorking of the vials of wrath which made his presence a service of danger rather than of joy. He had uncorked a good many in his day, and had the reputation of being a "tight hand," whom nine times out of ten it was better to avoid than to meet.

The truth was, he had fretted greatly in his time at his uncongenial lot in being bound for life to the *corvée* of North Aston; for even nepotism could not promote to ecclesiastical honours a man with a head so narrow and a temper of mind so martial as his; but he was quieter now, at sixty years of age; having gradually subsided into that kind of lazy acquiescence which is born of habit and diminished energies—the optimism of indolence and an enlarged waist.

His wife, who was his second venture in the matrimonial lottery, was a placid woman of good family; sweet-tempered, inactive, ruled by her servants, and invariably five minutes too late. The people however liked her; for though she seldom visited or spoke to them, she was pleasant when the chance came; and the servants at the Rectory did not stint the broken meat. Their daughter Adelaide was a pretty, well-bred girl of about twenty, with straw-coloured hair, light blue eyes, and a skin of the traditional strawberries and cream; a girl of soft manners and determined purpose, whose gloves of velvet, triple-pile, covered hands of steel tougher than Bessemer's.

Mrs. Harrowby of the Hill was the British matron as found in country places, narrow, strict, innocent of the real world in which she lived. Her standing sorrow was the still unmarried condition of her three daughters, whose non-success in going off she attributed, not unreasonably, to the departed Mr. Harrowby. He had been one of those men with large patriarchal proclivities and an aversion to change, who like to keep their children still children to the end, and who hold themselves personally aggrieved when the young people begin to cast about for stray straws fit for nest-building on their own account. He used to look at his three girls with a kind of Turkish spirit of domination mixed up with his English pride of paternity, saying half-blusteringly, half-affectionately: "I would knock any man down who dared to ask me for one of them!"—his coat-tails over his arms, his back to the fire, and his bull-dog face flushed with the warmth of his place and his feelings combined.

Thus, by keeping them at home and shutting the house-door against probable aspirants, he had so effectually prevented all chances of marriage while there was time, that now it seemed scarcely likely the young ladies would be sought for at all—seeing that they had but small portions, were lean and faded, and held the restricted views of life belonging to virtuous country maidens over thirty, to whom tobacco is a vice, and whist for five shilling points and a guinea on the rubber a sin almost as heinous as the advocacy of cremation; to whom races are synonyms with iniquity, and

billiards at a public table the ultimate to which low-bred immorality can go; elder sisters who call their brothers of five-and-twenty "boys," and believe that they live in London and India the lives of little girls at school.

The youngest of the three however, Miss Josephine Harrowby, was by no means so rigid as her sisters. She was plumper in body as well as softer in disposition; and often laid herself open to the rebukes of the elder two by the habit she had of sighing and her absurd love of babies.

Then there was Dr. Corfield of Steel's Corner, "old Dr. Corfield," as he was always called, though he was but fifty at the present time. He had long given up his professional practice, and now passed his days in making chemical experiments, devoting himself especially to the study of poisons, of which he had an extraordinary collection; a man bound up in facts which he cared only to collect never to group, to analyze not to synthesize. Nevertheless he was kind-hearted though unsocial, and trustworthy because so taciturn as almost to justify the theory of the Mute Man; always ready to do his best in cases of emergency and before the doctor from Sherrington could be brought. Else, as has been said, he never now practised the profession he had studied more as a science than a profession; and which his wife's fortune had rendered unnecessary.

This wife of his, "Sarah Corfield," to her friends, was a shrewd, bustling, energetic little person of spontaneous activities; with bright brown eyes and a sharp nose; fond of managing her neighbours' affairs, and great at giving gratuitous advice. She had skimmed the surface of many pursuits in her day, from homœopathy to cooking, from spiritualism to millinery, with excursions into art and literature by the way, not quite so successful as the rest. Therefore she took it on herself to advise her more ignorant sisters on all things under heaven and on earth, with an accent of certainty not without its value. She was at once the torment and the salvation of the North Aston poor; being the only person who looked after them practically, who sent runagate little ones to school, insisted on household cleanliness, and fought against open ditches and typhoid fever. The women dreaded her worse than the plague when they saw her come down the hill in her little basket carriage, with a supply of tracts and flannel at her feet; but they had it to do; and as she administered her medicine in syrup, and donated while she scolded, they were fain to accept the one for the sake of the other, and to conceal their wry faces under a mask of gratitude.

But shrewd as she was in the ordinary affairs of life, in one thing she was as foolish as others; and her maternal instinct overpowered her good sense quite as much as it overpowers the good sense of women whose foreheads are narrower and whose noses are blunter than hers. Her son was the apple of her eyes, the crown of her treasures, the living shrine before which she poured out her heart in unbounded devotion. To keep him what she called pure—that is, ignorant of the world, therefore unable to avoid its dangers or to use its opportunities when the time came for

him to do both—she had kept him closely tied to her apron-string all through his boyhood ; and now in his young manhood of twenty years he was tied there still. She held the absolute equality of the sexes in all things, save granting greater strength of muscle to the inferior, and claiming higher moral perceptions for the superior ; and she carried out her principles, not by enlarging the boundaries of woman's place, but by dwarfing that of man's. She saw no reason, she said, why a boy should not be reared on exactly the same moral lines as a girl, and could not be brought to confess a sex in virtue. What was good for the one was absolutely good for the other, and she would concede no liberties to the one which the other might not share.

As her husband never knew how time or history went, so long as he might be left in peace in the laboratory with his experiments, she had it all her own way with Alick ; and Dr. Corfield congratulated himself on the possession of a wife so clever that she could live his life as well as her own, and fulfil their joint duties creditably.

The result was a tall, large, raw-boned, awkward young man who knew all manner of useless things, and none that could be turned to practical account ; a young man whose painful shyness, innocent ingenuousness, homely features and ungainly manners made him the butt of the young people whenever he appeared among them. But his mother loved him with a blindness of affection that saw no demerit anywhere ; and he loved her with a simplicity of reverence that was, however, sometimes sorely tried when she drew those apron-strings of hers tighter than the young fellow liked, and insisted on treating him as a child when he felt the strength of his boyhood stirring powerfully within, and on holding him close as a girl when the freer instincts of the fledgling man would naturally have driven him farther afield.

She never saw that she galled him. He carried the sacrifice of himself and his instincts of freedom as his offering of gratitude and love ; and bore his chagrins, which were not light, with the dignity of patience and the cheerfulness of courage. In some things the most transparent, Alick Corfield was in others the most obscure of all now living at North Aston. Every one thought him weighed and measured and fathomed to the bottom ; but there was one whole side of his nature entirely misunderstood, and even his mother did not suspect the fund of poetry and passionate chivalry that lay, like fruit in blossom, in his heart.

The Fairbairns at the Limes were just a healthy, open-air, breezy set of folks, taking life as a perpetual holiday where the sun was ever at noon and the tide at its height ; holding the faith that whatever is, is right, and that people who complain of their portions are either weak or wicked, or may be both ; that this is the best of all possible worlds to those who know how to live in it ; and that we have but to keep out of debt, take plenty of exercise and tub vigorously, to make all things come square at the end.

What else indeed should be the philosophy of folks married happily, with abundance of money, faultless digestions, and a large family of boys

and girls, bright, brave, and handsome?—folks whose velvet coats had no seamy sides, whose family cupboards held no concealed skeletons, and whose silken ropes were free from frays and knots. What life was to the Fairbairns they assumed it ought to be to every one else; and because they were exceptionally favourites of Fortune in their own persons, maintained that it is in the power of every one who chooses to grasp the slippery wheel and turn the golden spoke uppermost. If anyone failed, then had he not deserved to succeed; for success follows merit as surely as light follows the sun, and the doctrine of ill-luck or undeserved mischance was all moonshine. Thus, as virtue is always rewarded and it is vice alone that gets put in the pillory, the poor, pitiful theorist on elemental rights and the justice of apportionment only wastes his time when he questions the inevitable.

It was a comfortable doctrine, looked at from their breezy heights; but it was not always satisfactory to those lying maimed and crippled in the lower levels.

All these were, as we can see, the ordinary constituents of ordinary English society; neither better nor worse than what may be found in hundreds of places. But at Andalusia Cottage, where Mr. and Mrs. Dundas lived, things went a little out of the common groove. For it is not often that an English gentleman, living at such a place as North Aston, brings home for his wife a superbly beautiful Spanish woman with the face of a sibyl, the temper of a fiend, the habits of a savage, and ignorance to correspond. This however was Mrs. Dundas summarised, and as the small world of North Aston had known her for fifteen years.

She was the one misfitting fragment in this well-ordered social mosaic, and it was evident that nothing now could trim her into the shape she ought to take. It was in vain that Mrs. Corfield tried to indoctrinate her into the art and mystery of English middle-class housekeeping. To the end, she never knew the parts of speech pertaining to the butcher or the grocer, and would eat nothing that was not redolent of garlic and slab with oil.

Mrs. Harrowby, the social chieftainess with whom all the North Astonians tried to stand well, wished to teach her the rudiments—not to go farther—of English good breeding. Pepita listened in silence, her big black eyes fixed with a kind of stony tragicality on the speaker, but none the more did she obey instructions. She still went about in the morning in unpleasant garments, her long black hair touzled and uncombed, and her superb sibylline face innocent of soap and water if loaded with yesterday's powder and paint; nor would she rub the one with the white-of-egg which did service with her for the ordinary method of ablution, smooth the other into braids and stiff-gummed curls finished off by the high comb, square knot of crimson ribbon, and black lace mantilla of her country, nor exchange her rags for a decent gown, till far into the afternoon. She still neither paid visits nor received them if not in the humour, and she seldom was in the humour; and in spite of all that Mrs. Harrowby could say, when ladies went to call on her and she

was cross or lazy—and she was always cross or lazy, and sometimes both—would still shout out in her broken English and strident voice: “I will not see them—send them away!”—though she was lying like a beautiful chrysalis in her hammock slung to a cut-leaved hornbeam in the garden, smoking cigarettes and making a hideous noise with her “zambomba”—that queer bastard kind of drum which she had constructed for herself, after the manner of her country, out of a bit of bladder and an inverted flowerpot. No power on earth could prevent her from breaking her engagements, if so minded, nor induce her to offer regret or excuse after; and on those rare occasions when they had guests at the Cottage, she had no more scruple in leaving them immediately after dinner if she was sleepy and wanted to go to bed than she had in saying, “You do lie,” or “You are stupid as a pig,” when she desired to express a difference of opinion.

For she had but one virtue, she used to say with her insolent laugh, and that was truth. It was not truth, however, for the love of truth; only truth for the scorn of others and indifference to what they felt.

Mrs. Fairbairn preached fresh air and Cash's rough towels, as remedial agents when she complained of headache and dulness. Save on a few of the hottest hours of the hottest summer days, Pepita shut herself up in the drawing-room, doors and windows carefully closed, buried in an easy chair before a huge fire, passing half the day in sleep; the other half she played at dolls with her little daughter Leam. She would not walk, and she was a coward and afraid of driving. She declared the English women were mad with all their soapings and brushings and furious exertions, and declined to follow bad example and destroy her peach-like skin before its time; so she stayed at home, rubbed her face with white-of-egg before whitening it with pearl-powder and reddening it with rouge; eat sugar and onions, “gazpacho” and sweetmeats; grew enormously stout but still kept her beauty of feature; slept sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; and on the remaining eight, when not eating, rubbed a stick on her “zambomba,” or played at dolls with her little daughter, for whose special benefit she had dressed one like the Devil, and taught her to call it *El señor papa*. In short, she was the savage of North Aston, and people never knew from one day to another of what mad atrocity she might not have been guilty over night. So far she had her uses, in that she kept the place alive and afforded ceaseless occasion for talk and speculation.

As for Mrs. Birkett, true to her central principle of non-intervention, she left the savage alone and did not lend a hand in the attempted work of salvation. She thought her a most unpleasant person, and said so—one whom she greatly feared and as greatly disliked. But she also thought that Mr. Dundas was very much to blame in marrying such a creature. It was a slight to the ladies of the place, and she was not quite sure that it ought to have been condoned from the beginning. Nevertheless, her private feeling did not influence her public manner; and although she said some hard things in confidence to her friends, she was always amiable to Mrs.

Dundas in person—keeping out of her way as much as possible, and when in it smiling much and saying little; by which means she escaped the fate of those more energetic gentlewomen whom, because they wished to reform her, Pepita abused in Spanish safely, and called by names the equivalents of which would have been considered strong even at Billingsgate.

But if Mr. Dundas was to be blamed, he was also to be pitied. He had married this woman, picked up in a small wayside "venta" in the wilds of Andalusia, for that mad kind of love which possesses men like a malady—that love which makes them throw off the restraints of self-respect and common sense for the sake of tying a millstone round their necks which will one day drown them in the deep waters. He never gave an on-look to the years when passion should mean nothing and mental harmony all; when the beautiful mistress, fresh and young, should have become the wife of daily habit whose black eyes would have ceased to fascinate, and whose sole power of attraction would be in her mind and temper. He was in love, and saw the "ventero's" handsome daughter with the veiled eyes of romance, and the belief in the all-sufficiency of beauty, characteristic of that fatal artistic temperament by which men are ruined. When he was couched of his blindness, it was too late.

Nevertheless he had still a kind of angry love for her, and resented that she was not all he had believed her to be, as much for the loss of his ideal as for the discomfort in which he lived through her heathenish modes of life. But the fact of his love still existing as an undercurrent did not make his peevishness more endurable to her, nor help to soften the savage hatred she felt for England and the English; for she, on her side, had had eyes veiled by romance and couched by knowledge. To her the tall fair handsome Englishman, whose colour went and came in his face like a girl's when she looked at him—who, Sebastian too himself by name, was so strangely like that picture of Saint Sebastian in the little chapel on the rock where she used to go and tell her beads, she sometimes half dreamed it was the Blessed One himself incarnate, and who loved her with such strength and tenderness combined—was plaything too novel to lose. When she came to recognise his non-sainthood, and to acknowledge his very natural humanity, she took up the other golden thread of his being. He was a grand hidalgo when at home, far superior to the brigands and muleteers who were his rivals, whom yet she regretted too. But though she liked her swarthy compatriots better in a way than she liked her fair-haired English caballero, yet he bid highest for her, and dangled before her eyes the most tempting lures. He would take her to El Corte, and show her the marvels of the great world. She was too ignorant to include Paris and London; it was only El Corte of which she dreamed as the heaven which this Englishman's gold could open for her.

When she married her fair-faced hidalgo, and came down to a dull damp English village—where the sun never shone for more than two days in the year; where the fruit was sour and scanty; where there were no

country fairs, no festas, no bull-fights; where they know nothing of village dancing, never heard of the merry snapping "palillos" even as castanets—the wretched heathens!—and where they never went for the family washing to the stream; where there were no bells to the horses, no flowers, no colour, no priests, and no saints—then she saw the mistake she had made, and revenged herself on the man who had occasioned it. She had never loved her husband as men count love. She had been overcome by his insistence, and dazzled by the dreams she had woven for herself. When the dreams faded and the reality came, her true nature showed itself; and she let the poor fellow understand clearly enough how things were with her. It nearly broke his heart. But she was a Spaniard who loved bull-fights; and if Dundas, as she called him, looked like Saint Sebastian, she thought he might as well complete the character and be well fitted with arrows.

Hence the life these ill-matched dreamers made together was of the least edifying kind. Her only solace was in Leam, whom she loved as a tigress loves her cub; his, in ceaseless lamentation and the universal demand for sympathy natural to an affectionate and weak-willed man. As a rule, the women at North Aston gave him the sympathy he sought; but the men, after the manner of men, thought him but a poor creature at the best, and said among themselves that Pepita certainly was superb! And every man believed in his heart that *he* could have managed her if she had been his wife; but with such a fusionless creature as Dundas, it was no wonder things went badly.

If the women generally took his part, especially did the Misses Harrowby who had known Sebastian Dundas in his bachelor days, when they had all been girls and boys together and he had been suspected of casting friendly glances that way. Things might have been different if he had never gone on his travels through Europe, they used to think; never taken a craze to visit the Alhambra, old Seville, and Andalusia; and it would have been better for him had they been different. It would be hard to say which of the three—Maria, Fanny, or Josephine—most lamented the untoward course of fate, most sympathised with his misfortunes, or regarded his wife with the greatest bitterness as the ruin of a dear good fellow who would have been such a charming man had he found the right kind of woman.

Perhaps, as time went on, the elder two dropped a little behind. They began to take life as they found it made for them; to be content with small things and to leave off looking for large ones. But Josephine was softer and younger. She had a habit of sighing; she and Sebastian often played at chess; and she did not find the Hill, fine old place as it was, so perfect as not to like sometimes to leave it for a castle of her own building and a seneschal of her own imagining—tall, fair-haired, fond of sympathy and as generous to submission as he was pliant to caresses. Had anyone told her she was in love with Mr. Dundas, a married man, she would have denied it indignantly; and she would have been broken-

hearted for shame and remorse had she proved the truth for herself. But men and women have the trick of self-deception undesigned; and things, plain as an Egyptian pyramid to the world outside, are hidden away, like jewels in a mine, from the soul harbouring them in unconsciousness but with tenacity—as in this matter of Josephine's blameless, unconfessed, but indisputable, affection for Pepita's husband.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE MONTFORT.

THE rector and Mrs. Birkett were just finishing dinner. The month was April; time of day seven. Adelaide was spending the evening at the Hill; for though she was only twenty, and Josephine, the youngest Miss Harrowby, was as we know thirty at the least, the rector's daughter had chosen the three sisters as her chief friends, and had especially selected Josephine as her confidante and quasi-sister.

She admired the old Hall; the estate was large and well managed; Edgar, though in India at this moment, must come home some day; and Edgar was a handsome love-making kind of gallant who, two or three years ago, had been fond of rowing Adelaide on the Broad, as they called a widened reach of river that did duty for the North Aston sailing-ground; and Adelaide had not only a determined will, but a clear perception of those things whereon it was wisest to fix it and the means whereby it was the likeliest to be attained.

Presently, while the rector was draining his last drop of generous port, and Mrs. Birkett was choosing for him the best-looking nuts and the fattest raisins, the servant came quickly into the room.

"If you please, sir, will you step down to Aaron's?" he said, speaking very fast. "There's come a lady and a child, and the child's badly and can't go no further: and Aaron he don't know what to do with them; so he has sent up Jane to say what's come upon them, and to ask, sir, as if you'll please step down and be kind enough to see as what can be done?"

"A lady and a child ill?" answered the rector dubiously, and with an accent of annoyance. "I am not the person to send for, John. Why does not Aaron go for Dr. Corfield?"

"If you please, sir, Aaron says he would rather you stepped down as the child's so bad it's like to die and maybe wants naming."

"Did he tell you anything about this lady?—for it is a most extraordinary proceeding on Aaron's part," said the rector, crossly.

Consecrated to the care of lambs in the abstract, it did not please him to derange himself for an unknown sheep wandering from strange folds; and perchance one of a shabby flock fed on poor pastures.

"Aaron says she is quite the lady, and as handsome as ever you see, with a mort of luggage, and the child fit to die," repeated the man.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Birkett, sympathetically. The good soul gave a backward look to the time when her own cradle was full of sweet anxieties, and felt for the mother in her extremity. "I think, papa, you ought to go perhaps," she added with a certain hesitancy, being of that wise order of wives which lets the husband alone and does not seek to herd him like a dumb beast sure to go wrong if not directed right. "There is no hurry. Finish your wine, dear; but the poor thing may want you, and then you would be sorry not to have gone."

"Well, I think I will go," said the rector, a little briskly. The mention of the unknown lady's beauty and the mort of luggage had enlightened his mind as to the direction of his duties. "As you say, mamma, the unhappy creature may be in want of help; and if she is really a lady she must indeed want help without mistake! To have a sick child to nurse at Aaron's does not sound very promising."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Birkett, her kind face full of pity.

"Very well, John, tell them I will be down directly," said Mr. Birkett, with his military manner; and John, giving back the regulation "Yes, sir," disappeared.

Then said Mr. Birkett, speaking from the door, being one of those all-or-nothing men, who, if they are asked for a hair give the whole head; "I say, mamma, if I find that the child is really too ill to go on, and there is nothing infectious, don't you think I had better bring her up here to sleep?—that is, you know, if she is really a lady?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Mrs. Birkett with a curious mixture of timidity and earnestness. "As far as I am concerned, yes, most certainly; but there is Adelaide. However, use your own discretion; and ask Pace."

"I wish you were a little more the mistress of your own establishment, my dear," said the rector in an aggrieved tone, as he went into the hall and summoned Pace; which was just what he did not like to do.

Though he always had been and always would be master, in his own estimate of things, he never cared to try conclusions with Pace, who ruled the whole house, himself, and Adelaide, who ruled all else, included; and that with a rod by no means wrapped in cotton wool, and considerably heavier than if made of flowers. She was one of those grim females who tyrannise in tears and suppress by pretending to renounce. If anything went wrong, and she was appealed to as the one who ought to know why, she would break out into angry weeping and protestations of how she slaved night and day for the family, and how she hoped they might find some one who would do better by them than she had done; and how she found it hard, after living with them so long and doing all for them that she had, to be told at the last that they did not trust her and were not satisfied; with more to the same purpose. By which it came about that, as she was really the most useful member of the house-

hold, if also the most unpleasant, Mrs. Birkett had to ask her to stay as a personal kindness; and each fracas ended by the chains being riveted more closely than before, and the mistresshood of Pace more solidly confirmed.

By good luck this important personage happened to be in an amiable frame of mind this evening. Her mistress had presented her in the morning with an apricot-coloured silk gown, much stained if little worn, and quite unsuitable to a woman of her age and condition. But it would dye, thought thrifty Pace, who, having already saved much, was intent on adding to her store, therefore always received her perquisites intelligently and never allowed herself to be baffled by stains or unsuitability.

Hence, when Mr. Birkett asked meekly as to spirit, if masterful in form: "Pace, if the lady at the Wellington is obliged to remain over the night on account of her child, and the child has no infectious disorder, can you put her up?"—Pace answered with a shade less surliness than usual: "If you wish it, sir, I must, though I don't see how it can be done at this time of night, and nothing ready."

And the man who ruled the parish with no uncertain hand was grateful for so much concession from his housekeeper. Even Achilles had his vulnerable spot; and Mr. Birkett was afraid of his wife's old nurse and general factotum.

It was just as well that he should be afraid of something; just as well that he was only a pumpkin after all, very fine and showy on the outside, masterful and dictatorial to his inferiors, but with a core no stronger than pith. Had he been as solid as he was magnificent, as real as he was arbitrary, he would have been a frightful infliction to his little world. As it was he was malleable under well-planted blows; and Pace for one knew where to plant them. Nothing of this however, appeared on the surface; and as he walked quickly down the hill to the help of the stranger sojourning at the "Wellington," he looked every inch the local king and masculine dominator of all about.

A hired carriage stood before the beershop door. The rector's quick eye at once discovered that the luggage piled on the top and slung behind was of superior quality and sufficient quantity. So far things looked satisfactory; and he lowered his well-brushed head as he passed into the dingy passage with a comfortable conviction that the person he had gone to visit would prove in truth a lady, and that he was on the verge of a pleasant, yet safe, adventure.

Asking in a loud voice for "the strange lady I have been desired to see," he was taken into the sanded parlour smelling of stale tobacco and permanent spillings of beer, and stood face to face with the new comer.

She was a handsome woman of about thirty, to judge by the generous lines of her fine figure; but she might have been only twenty, taking her features, skin, and colouring at the first glance—her brilliantly fair complexion, her lustrous golden hair, her small white teeth, the brightness of her well-shaped hazel eyes, and the rounded contour of her soft

smooth cheek. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a widow's cap under her bonnet; and looked subdued and quiet, but noticeably self-possessed. The child on her lap was about six months old.

Here was a woman evidently used to good society, thought the rector, as she bowed when he entered, raising her bright eyes steadily to his, and apologising in a low, sweet, level voice for not rising, on the plea of not disturbing her child.

"Pray do not disturb yourself," said Mr. Birkett with his best air, fatherly for the priestly part of him, gallant for the soldierly. "I am afraid the little child is very ill," he continued, drawing a chair near to her, and examining the infant lying in a death-like torpor in her arms.

"Yes, she is," said the lady, sadly. "This dreadful sleep came on about an hour ago, just as I was passing the head of your valley on my way to Sherrington. Had my nurse been with me, I should have thought she had given her opium, and I should not have been so much alarmed then, knowing the cause. But I have had the child to myself all the day, and know that it is not this; and I cannot tell what to think!" She raised the little hand to her lips. "My sweet one!" she said tenderly, bending over it gracefully.

"I think you had better send for Dr. Corfield," said the rector, more and more interested. "It is a long way to Sherrington, and the diseases of children are rapid. At all events you cannot be wrong in sending for him."

"Yes," the lady answered. "Is Dr. Corfield skilful?"

"He is all we have in this remote place," said Mr. Birkett; "and though he does not practise much now he is ready enough in resource, and knows his profession."

"Thank you," then said the lady, lifting up her winsome face to which gratitude gave a flush infinitely becoming. "I thought you would advise me to something. Clergymen are always so wise and helpful! Will you then be kind enough to tell them to send for the doctor? I did not know that one was to be found in so small a place."

Her voice and manner, though perfectly feminine and even grateful, had just that fine air and accent of a woman who is accustomed to command—a "mistress" woman, used to homage and accepting it as her right—which so much pleases some men. It pleased the rector and confirmed his faith in the new comer's quality; and when he told "Aaron's Jane," as Mrs. Walsh was called by the neighbours, "to send off at once to Dr. Corfield, and beg him with his compliments to come over to the Wellington without delay," he spoke with the peremptory insistence he would have used had the unknown been one of the royal princesses and the comatose child the future hope of England. Then he ordered candles to be brought, and himself arranged them to the greatest convenience of his companion; and he thought she looked more beautiful under their pale shine than even under the parting glory of the golden sunset.

In a short time Dr. Corfield came, abstracted, dreamy, full of his latest experiments in toxicology; but he knew what he was about, though he scarcely looked like it; and caught certain indications of hair-tint and complexion in the stranger which had escaped even the lynx eyes of the rector. After making his examination of the child in silence, during which time the lady had in her turn watched him narrowly, he peered mildly over his spectacles, and said simply, "Opium."

"So I too would have thought had I not had the child with me all the day," said the lady, as she had said before. "No, it is not opium; and it is that which has alarmed me so much."

Dr. Corfield looked puzzled.

"Not likely to be teething coma," he muttered as if to himself, rubbing his chin.

"Never mind the name—what can I do for her? What ought I to do?" asked the lady, going straight to the point as the rector remarked with approbation:—"A fine business-like woman," he said to himself. "So truly feminine and lady-like, but with no nonsense about her."

He was in the mood to find all she said and did in good taste. She had fascinated him.

Dr. Corfield smiled.

"But the name regulates the treatment," he said in his quiet dreamy way.

"Meanwhile my child dies," returned the lady with natural pathos, and just a touch of indignation.

Dr. Corfield considered;—the rector saying, "Come, Corfield, come!" as if he was speaking to a slow boy in his class.

"A warm bath; cold applications to the head; and I'll send you some medicine to be given at once," he then said.

"Thank you," said the lady, with less gratitude than she had shown to Mr. Birkett.

"How far are you going to-night?" asked the doctor.

Lifting her eyes and looking at him quietly, the lady answered: "Surely! I am not going on at all! I shall halt here, of course. How could I travel with the child in this state?"

"But you cannot sleep here," interposed Mr. Birkett.

She looked round the squalid little room with a patient smile.

"I did not see what kind of place I was in," she said. "No, truly, I cannot sleep here; but I can sit up, and watch."

"You must come to the rectory," said Mr. Birkett warmly. "We are homely people"—there was not a luxury missing in the establishment, not a square inch of the whole house that was not perfect in its upholstery—"but you will find comforts there for your little one you cannot find here. This is a mere village beershop, in no wise fitted for you."

She bent over her baby. Then raising a face calm as to feature, but as pale as the child's in her arms, she answered quietly: "Thank you

very much. I cannot refuse your kindness for my child's sake. I am ashamed of giving you so much trouble, an entire stranger as I am, but the mother's need must plead for me."

She spoke sweetly, calmly, and with dignity, but her low voice a little faltered, and she was evidently much moved. Truly a most gracious lady, one who knew how to mingle the nobleness of self-respect with the tenderness of womanhood, and to accept a favour as if conferring a grace.

"You need no pleader," said the rector. "We are delighted, Mrs. Birkett and I, to be of this service to you."

"Shall I send the medicine to the rectory?" asked Dr. Corfield, singularly for him the most practical at this moment of the three.

"Yes," answered the rector; and the lady, bending her head, murmured again, "Thanks."

"As I am to be your guest you will probably wish to know my name," then said the lady rising, and looking at the rector. "I am Madame de Montfort. I may say," she added with a slight smile, as one passing by a silly toy, and her renunciation only made her more beautiful, "I am Madame la Marquise de Montfort; as my dear husband was Monsieur le Marquis. But I do not care to take my rank in England where I am not known, more especially now that he has gone." She sighed, and her red lips quivered. "But that is my real name," smiling sadly again, and conquering her emotion with a visible effort.

"It is a good name," said the rector, who felt that he ought to say something and scarcely knew what.

"A fine old name," put in Dr. Corfield. "Simon de Montfort was a great man."

"We belong to the same family," said Madame with decision.

"Ay?" said the doctor; "your pedigree would be interesting to trace."

"My dear baby's recovery is the most interesting subject to me at this moment," replied Madame, as, shifting the child with a certain dainty air of inexperience in her manner, she looked at the rector as if waiting his permission to leave.

"True, true," said Mr. Birkett hurriedly. "I beg you a thousand pardons for this delay."

She bent her head again with her sweet and royal kind of smile, then passed from the room like a queen; and in a few moments the horses stopped before the porch of the pretty house where Mr. and Mrs. Birkett and their daughter Adelaide found their home.

"Now," said the rector gallantly, "I trust you have come to the end of your troubles."

"Can it be otherwise under the sanctuary of the Church?" answered the lady. "The instant I saw you, dear sir, I felt comforted and safe."

"What a charming woman!" thought the rector. "What an exceedingly lucky thing that I thought of bringing her here! Quite refreshing to meet with such a creature in this dull hole!"

And as he thought these last words, he ushered the widow of Monsieur le Marquis de Montfort into the drawing-room where sat his kindly, placid, tender-hearted wife.

CHAPTER IV.

WORTH DOING.

A BABY was the only thing that could rouse Mrs. Birkett from her normal condition of even-tempered indolence. She was intensely maternal for infants if not a satisfactory educator of older children; and could have passed her whole life in a nursery with a succession of embryonic heroes and heroines to kiss and dandle. For any baby in long clothes she was a true spiritual Althæa, and found nothing a trouble if transacted within the nursery; but for a sick baby she was as the mother of the gods to be had by the day for love, with an almost extra-natural prescience of its wants and needs so soon as she had it in her comfortable arms and in her broad maternal lap.

She had a kind of magnetic power, too, that was very striking. She could soothe a crying child when no one else was able to quiet it, and her medical skill about the cradle was like another sense. The one sorrow of her married life was that she had not had a large family; and the woman she most envied was Mrs. Fairbairn of the Limes. A child every eighteen months—a baby always on hand. Could there be a greater joy on earth?—a happier lot for woman? When she thought this she was inclined to find her quiver with its one solitary shaft but very meagrely furnished; and Adelaide, instead of gaining interest by concentration, seemed to lose for want of sharers.

This arrival then of a lady with a sick child was as much a godsend to the rector's wife as to the rector himself; and she received Madame de Montfort with all her faculties aroused and all her sympathies alert, prepared to accept anything the mother might be for the sake of the child.

But when she saw the beautiful face and form of the stranger, heard her singularly sweet voice, noted her ease of manner and well-bred self-possession, and looked into her fine eyes, she was as much captivated with her personality as her husband had been, and showed her belief with the simplest good faith. She received her as her friend, and took her sorrows as her own. Madame was almost bewildered by the warmth of her new hostess, and wished she had been slightly less demonstrative. She embarrassed her, and made it difficult, as she said to herself.

Mrs. Birkett took the baby into her own arms, and looked at it as Dr. Corfield had done, with more tenderness if less technical perspicacity; but narrowly enough to make the mother still more uncomfortable, and to render that vague "difficulty" yet more embarrassing.

"I know exactly what should be done with it, Madame;" then said Mrs. Birkett after a pause. "My own child had just such an attack as

this when she was a little thing, and I thought I should have lost her ; but I knew what to do, and so saved her ; and she never had another."

At which Madame, looking straight into her face, answered with a grateful air of retrospective sympathy : " How distressing, and how strange ! I am indeed fortunate in finding such a clever adviser."

" Oh, I hope we shall soon get the poor little darling right," said kindly Mrs. Birkett, her maternal breast aglow.

And Madame, with a graceful slight inclination of her head, echoed " I hope so ;" in a manner that gave her hostess the credit of the cure, should it be effected.

Then Mrs. Birkett, still carrying the baby, herself took the stranger to her room, herself saw the bath prepared and carefully tested with a thermometer, arranged the chairs, stirred the fire, and caused to be brought in three times as many things as were wanted ; much to the annoyance of Pace, who disliked the rooms to be what she called " upset," and who resented as a personal injury any departure from the fixed rules of life and ordering she had established in the house.

It was a marvellous outburst of energy in one who was content generally to take life in an easy chair and " on casters," neither fretting her mind nor disturbing her body for any event that might or might not happen. But the rector thought it not unnatural on the whole, seeing what kind of person Madame la Marquise de Montfort was, and how far superior to the ordinary run of women. The child did not count for much in his calculations.

In due time the medicine arrived ; the little creature was put into the bath ; and Madame, at her own request, was left for the night. She preferred the lonely vigils of her anxious love, she said prettily, to being enlivened by companionship or relieved by substitutes ; and Mrs. Birkett, though reluctant, was forced to respect her wishes. Had she had her own way she would have sat up with the baby herself. There would have been no fear of her falling asleep, unless it had got better and was asleep too, naturally, not in this death-like state. Then indeed she might ; and what a blessed sleep, once more with a little one pressed to her bosom and encircled in her arms !

But she could not force herself on her guest, and was fain to withdraw tearfully. And when the stranger was perfectly sure that the hospitable instincts of her host and hostess were all fulfilled, she locked the door, gave the baby something that made it open its eyes and moan feebly, but that seemed to do it good ; and, as she leaned over it said with unaffected compassion, but no extra sentiment, speaking indeed more as a kind-hearted spectator might have spoken than as a mother ; " Poor little thing ! I am sorry for you ; but it was worth doing, baby !"

On which she placed it comfortably on the pillow, and then sat down to reflect, a smile on her comely face and a look of success in her sparkling eyes.

" The stars in their courses are fighting for me !" she said, her face

flooded with triumphant joy as she turned it towards the firelight. Drawing a deep breath, she added, "Things are almost too easy! I must be careful not to rely too much on my good luck; and not to relax."

At this time she had not seen Adelaide.

If Madame la Marquise de Montfort was charming over night, when subdued and depressed because of her baby, she was doubly so this morning when, her little daughter being better, she had her mind more to herself and could talk with less preoccupation. And she talked well; in spite of one or two odd slips in grammar that made her hearers stare at their incongruity with her manner and appearance—not to speak of her station. But as she had lived a great part of her life abroad, so she said, these slips might charitably pass as the natural consequence of her foreign education, and not provoke unfriendly comment.

She knew, too, many people of note; in itself a recommendation; and she mentioned them in an incidental way, carelessly and by chance, without effort or apparent boast. They came too much as a matter of course for boasting; but she evidently, said the rector, knew a great many celebrities, and her acquaintance with titles was as extensive. And how beautiful she was! Sitting there in the morning light, her deep crape weeds made in such perfection of fit and taste, and the most becoming little trifle of a widow's cap set on the top of her golden tresses, the rector thought he had never seen a levelier creature of the kind; and even Mrs. Birkett felt yet more tenderly to the child for the admiration she was by no means backward in bestowing on the mother. But Adelaide watched and weighed, and doubted if she was even pretty. She had to know her better, she said to herself, before she could allow her to be good-looking; at present she only watched.

Talking still in the level smooth manner that was habitual to her, Madame touched on her personal history. Her husband was only just dead, she said, her fine hazel eyes becoming moist but no tears actually overflowing. She was of a nature too self-restrained to weep like a schoolgirl before strangers, and show her bleeding wounds without reticence or delicacy. And in a kind of sick despair—for what had life now to offer her?—she went on to say, speaking very calmly but therefore only the more pathetically—she had determined to leave the world and all its hollow joys, and find some place in the country where she might devote herself to her child, and try to be, if not happy—she should never be *that* again!—at the least useful to others, and for herself resigned. She had heard of Sherrington, she said, as a pretty, quiet village—it was a bleak, upland market-town, without picturesque beauty or local advantage of any kind—and she thought that she might be able to live there economically; for, with a grand and gracious frankness that sat so well on her, she confessed that she was not too rich since her dear husband's death. His property, which was very extensive, had gone to his brother as the next heir; her child, being a girl, not inheriting.

At which the rector stared, but supposed she knew what she was talking about, and that the French law of inheritance might be one thing for commoners and another for the nobility. Or perhaps he had been misinformed as to that family division of lands he had been taught to consider universal; at any rate, he was not disposed to doubt the truth of the whole for the sake of this one enigma as yet unexplained, but sure to be easily solved if only he had the key. This slip however, was not lost on Adelaide; and Adelaide had less than her father's faith.

Therefore, Madame continued, finding the country the best place for herself and her child, she had sold off everything, and left London, where she and her dear husband had been residing for the last year, parting with her carriages and horses, her man servants and her women servants; of course she could not ask them to share a fortune so changed as hers. But with a sweet motherliness of soul shining through her discourse that charmed Mrs. Birkett, she somewhat wondered that her nurse refused to accompany her. And yet, sighing, what right had she to expect any one to sacrifice her life to her, a stranger? Only, turning to the rector's wife listening so sympathetically, she thought that if she had had a child from the birth, as nurse had had her darling, she could not have left her!

To which Mrs. Birkett responded by a warm negative, and, kind-hearted as she was, a vehement ejaculation of "Wretch!" flung like a red hot missile after the faithless and self-seeking *bonne*.

Journeying from Bar Aston Station to Sherrington, she went on to say, just as she passed the head of the North Aston valley her child sank back in her arms in the alarming kind of fit they had seen. In terror and despair she told the driver to turn from the main road and follow the way to the village. She could do nothing else, such a complete stranger as she was, knowing neither the place nor its surroundings. Thus it was that she had come to North Aston—and the result they knew as well as she did.

"Surely," she concluded, looking at Mr. and Mrs. Birkett effusively, "some spirit led me by the hand!"

"If so, then it was our good genius!" said Mr. Birkett gallantly.

"I am sure it was mine," responded Madame de Montfort.

"By which it would appear that we have the same," said the rector; and Madame smiled and bent her head, saying, "How fortunate for me!"

"Then," said Mrs. Birkett, who seemed to have been revolving something in her mind, and to whom the servant at her own desire had just delivered the baby, "if there was a house here fit for you, how far better it would be to remain among us, instead of going to that hideous Sherrington! It is the dullest and most uninteresting place you can imagine. Why go there?"

Madame de Montfort looked calm and tractable.

"I have no special ties there," she answered. "I remember a friend

of my dear husband's telling him one day about it, and praising it. It was by the merest chance I remembered this in my day of need; but I do not care where I go."

"You might as well live in a pretty place as in an ugly one," said Mrs. Birkett, herself much influenced by scenery.

"Surely," answered Madame; "that is only common sense. But," she slightly sighed, "it makes no real difference to me where I am if the air agrees with my darling, and I can live in peace and do good."

"I wish we had a place for you here," said Mrs. Birkett again, and looked at her husband.

Madame, her face quiet and statuesque as usual, her eyes bright too as usual, bent towards her child and tenderly tapped its little face.

"But you have not?" she asked, her breath slightly incommoded by her attitude. "Then it must be Sherrington."

Mr. Birkett reflected.

"There is no place anywhere," he answered; "except Lionnet. "Would that do, mamma, for Madame de Montfort?"

"It is very small, certainly," mused Mrs. Birkett, while Madame looked from each to each with the air of foregone acquiescence in their judgment; an acquiescence that was not weakness—there was nothing weak about her—but that conveyed in the most subtle and delightful way the sense of her own ignorance, her moral weariness for the loss of her husband, and her gratitude to them for taking so much care of her, and giving themselves so much trouble for her.

"Oh, mamma, Lionnet for a lady!" cried Adelaide, with condemnatory emphasis.

This was the first time she had spoken. Hitherto she had contented herself with looking and listening, forming her own opinion of the stranger's loosely-hung, if smoothly-narrated, story. Now she spoke, hoping to demolish the theory of the Lion Hut as a suitable residence for this new comer with the fine air and the grand name. Adelaide Birkett, with her pale flaxen tresses and cold blue eyes, was not so much fascinated by this splendid creature, with the warm gold close-waved hair, and hazel eyes so full of life and fire, as were her father and mother. She kept her twenty-years'-old intellect more in hand than they, and criticised more keenly because she doubted more coldly.

The rector, who had seen as much of the odd side of life as a respectable clergyman well can, and more perhaps than he ought, might have picked a few holes in the thin places of his guest's history had he been so minded; but he was resolute to turn only the best side outermost, and he left the thin places untouched, by design. Adelaide, on the contrary, searched for them with vicious diligence, and when she found them she held by them and made them larger.

Had she been asked, she could have given no intelligible reason why she had taken this strong antipathy to Madame. She was not given to strong emotions of any kind, as a rule, and she prided herself on her

indifference to most people. But all she knew was that, in spite of the sweet smile and that perfect tranquillity of good breeding which so charmed her parents, she disliked and distrusted this handsome immigrant from heaven knows where; this sorrowful widow of M. le Marquis de Montfort; this anxious mother of an ailing infant; this plausible artist in the mosaic-work of well-fitting story, wherein, all the same, well-fitting as it was, were gaps; and that she disliked and distrusted her as she had never disliked or distrusted any one before: not even Pepita, the wife of Sebastian Dundas, with whom she had waged for years an unceasing war.

"It is small, as Adelaide says," returned the rector in a tone of apology; "but it is available, and a little taste and judicious expenditure can do wonders with it."

"At all events you can look at it," Mrs. Birkett suggested. "It is only a few minutes' drive from here; not a quarter of an hour's walk even for me, and I am not a good walker."

"That would be very nice for me," said Madame, smiling; "I could see so much of you then, and not under fatigue. And I have always been a dutiful daughter of the Church."

"Ah?" returned the rector, with that curious pride of the ecclesiastic who takes to himself all the compliments paid to the faith or the Establishment.

"Yes; my father was a clergyman," said Madame.

"Indeed! Where?" asked the rector, briskly, suggestive of looking up the name in the *Clergy List*.

"In America," answered Madame, demurely.

"Have you been in America?" said Mrs. Birkett with surprise. "You have no accent."

"I was born there," answered Madame; "and I lived there till I came to Europe to be educated."

And as she said the word "Europe" she gave it the American intonation, which settled the matter.

Only Adelaide said, a little spitefully—

"The daughter of an American clergyman married to a French nobleman, living in London;—what an extraordinary mixture!"

"Yes; is it not?" returned Madame with equanimity.

But she caught the accent all the same, and scored it in her mental note-book.

After some pleasant feminine play between Mrs. Birkett and Madame respecting the care of the infant in the mother's absence—the one desiring to keep it, the other afraid of giving trouble—it was at last agreed that Madame should go off now at once with Mr. Birkett to see Lionnet, poor Miss Snelling's little house, which the rector and his wife so much desired she should find suitable for her home. Truly the stars were fighting for her in their courses, as she said. Things were indeed almost too easy!

With a strange superstitious feeling, vaguely remembering the ways of witches whereof she had heard—how the Lady Geraldine bore herself when she came to the castle of Sir Leoline, as had once been read to her by one she then loved—Madame sprained her ankle just as they reached the threshold, and the rector lifted her over in his arms.

"I consider this equivalent to your giving me possession," she said prettily, looking into his face as she made a few halting steps through the little hall, and shook off her sprain at the drawing-room door.

The upshot of the survey was that Madame de Montfort agreed to take the cottage, if Mr. Dundas, whose property it was, would accept her as a tenant; to which Mr. Birkett set his shoulders square, and said, "Accept you as tenant! I should like to see him refuse!"

She did not agree to take the place precipitately; only by degrees yielding her objections to confined space, low ceilings, want of spare bedrooms for friends, and the like; but ultimately yielding in favour of the advantages accruing from a low rent, light taxes, lovely view, healthy situation, the glimpse of Dunaston Castle to the east, the fine outline of the rocks bounding the gorge, and vague "availability"—whatever that might mean. She did not give the rector the idea of a person seizing eagerly at a thing, and therefore a person without a background or an anchorage—a bit of social driftwood as poor in friends as in circumstances—which has a bad appearance, and gives room for suspicion and disrespect; but she consented to apply for Lionnet only after due reflection and with a certain dignity and self-sacrifice very remarkable—her child always her first consideration and her own wishes set to the side and subordinated to this. In the end, however, she consented; and returned to the rectory the future tenant of Lionnet, should Mr. Dundas, to whom the rector wrote, agree to accept her on her own representations and Mr. Birkett's security, offered without hesitation.

Mr. Dundas was not slow in responding. The rector's note took him by surprise, for he had not yet heard of the arrival which had set tongues in North Aston wagging, as nothing had moved them in this generation since Mrs. Dundas had first shown herself in a high comb and mantilla. Not quite understanding what it all meant, he rode off to the rectory with speed, and was introduced as Madame was discussing her plans with Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, hearing where she could get servants, who would best suit her for a gardener, how she could set herself up in this and that—flowers, vegetables, poultry, a cow, a carriage, a cart, pigs, and horses being among the items named.

"Madame de Montfort, let me introduce to you your future landlord," said the rector, presenting Mr. Dundas.

Madame looked up, smiled sweetly, bowed gracefully.

"I hope we shall come to terms, sir," she said in a charming, half-foreign way.

"We have already," answered Mr. Dundas, to whose wildest dreams such a heavenly tenant as this had never presented itself.

More talk followed on this, relating to rent, lease, conditions, and the like; in all of which Mr. Dundas was utterly unbusinesslike and entirely satisfactory. She might take the whole thing on her own terms; it really was a matter of so little importance to him he did not care what she did or paid, provided she made herself happy and comfortable in the place. He would give her an agreement wherein he would bind himself not to disturb her, but give her the power of quitting at any moment she might like—in fact, he was a perfect Jupiter of a landlord, and she would honour him if she would but consent to be his residential Danaë, and accept the golden shower he was only too willing to outpour.

To all of which she gave a graceful and yet dignified adhesion, dwelling much on his rights, but finally accepting his proposals; and ending the discussion as the tenant of Lionnet, holding possession by her own will only, and bound to pay the most moderate amount of rent Mr. Dundas could ask without showing her too plainly that he wished to make it easy for her.

"As I am a stranger, and can give you no local references of any kind," then said Madame with a heightened colour, "perhaps it will be more satisfactory to both sides if I pay a quarter's rent in advance."

She put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out her purse.

"By no means; certainly not," said Mr. Dundas, pressing back her hand. "I shall consider myself affronted if you attempt such a thing."

She smiled. "As you like," she answered. "If you like to trust me, I have nothing to say against it. I only thought you might wish to be on the safe side."

"I am that as it is," said Mr. Dundas.

To which she answered, simply, "Yes; I know that you are, but you do not."

The sound of wheels came up to the door; voices were heard in the hall. Adelaide, starting up, went forward with a certain exaggerated tumultuousness of affection and familiarity, to show that she was bored here and had no part in what was going on; and the rector, looking at his wife, said, "The Harrowby girls, my dear!"

The door opened, and two ladies entered. At this moment Madame de Montfort slightly started and shivered; but her placid face showed no signs of emotion, though it was even paler than usual when she lifted it at the introduction.

"Madame de Montfort, allow me to present to you Miss Harrowby and Miss Josephine Harrowby," said the rector, as if on parade.

And Madame, half-rising, smiled and bowed as gracefully as usual, her eyes, with the pupils dilated, glancing at the girls sharply, and her skin still congealed from that shivering start she had experienced. But people often shiver, especially after a journey, so there was nothing very wonderful in that. Even Adelaide, on the look-out for unfavourable indications of all kinds, was forced to acknowledge the entire unreasonableness of attempting to find any meaning in such an automatic action.

Besides, what kind of relation could this stranger have with her friends the Harrowbys?

For all that, she did give a slight start and shiver when they were announced, and she was paler than her wont, and her eyes were keener and larger and darker when she looked at them. How white she was, and how bright the flash of her eyes when Josephine Harrowby, sitting near her, admired the baby and crooned over it!

"Are you fond of babies?" asked Madame, quietly as to manner but still pale and intense in face.

"Passionately," said Josephine, with a yearning look.

Madame rose, and laid the child in her arms.

"You look like a mourning Madonna, in your grey mantle and with your brown hair," she said. "Quite a picture."

Josephine blushed.

"There, Josephine! There's a compliment for you!" said the rector, laughing.

Josephine laughed too, the better to hide her embarrassment; for Madame and the rector together had drawn all eyes on her, and Mr. Dundas looked with the rest.

For want of a safer retreat she bent her flushed face over the child, and kissed it; then asked, "What is its name?" earnestly, as if the answer was really of importance.

"Fina," said Madame; "or rather"—correcting herself—"Josephine."

"How odd!" cried Josephine, blushing yet more deeply; "why, that is my name!"

"Is it?" said Madame, arching her eyebrows. "What an extraordinary coincidence! My dear husband would have called the whole thing a dedication—the picture, the name, the likeness. His name," she added with a slight compression of her lips, "was Joseph."

On some Strange Mental Feats.

WHEN we consider the connection between mental development and the progress of the human race, we cannot fail to recognise the importance of researches into mental habitudes, in individuals and in races. The questions which have been so much discussed lately as to the automatism of mental action, the laws of cerebral heredity, the relation between mental and physical disease, the extent to which responsibility depends on the condition of the brain, and the like, have a much wider interest than many imagine. Our insight into the past history of mankind, our views respecting passing events, our hopes or fears as to the future, depend in no small degree on the opinion we form respecting laws of cerebral action and cerebral development. We cannot rightly understand the conduct of man towards man, of nation towards nation, of race towards race, until we begin to understand the nature of the organ which rules, directly or indirectly, every conscious action of each individual person—affecting not only the reasoning faculties but the feelings and emotions, not only the mental but the moral qualities.

Our object in the present essay is to consider certain mental feats which seem calculated to throw light on the operations of that wonderful organ on which our consciousness, in the widest acceptation of the term, depends. In particular, they seem to indicate cerebral capabilities, uncommon at present, but which may one day be possessed by many. We do not, however, propose to inquire here what prospect there is that hereafter the human race may possess greater mental energy than at present, whether as respects average intellectual development or the mental powers of those who stand above their contemporaries as the great thinkers of their day,* but simply to discuss, and if possible explain, certain remarkable mental feats.

* We must not be misled by the consideration that we do not recognise, in the few past centuries over which our survey extends, a law of continuous mental development, illustrated by the increasing greatness of the great men of successive ages; for, in the first place, if the average of intellectual development is steadily increasing, the men of exceptional mental power must appear to stand less conspicuously above that higher level than the great men of former ages above the lower average of their day. And again, the periods with which we have to deal are probably short compared with those which may be expected (when the laws of mental development come to be understood) to separate the appearance of exceptionally great minds. We carry back our thoughts to the last of the great ones in each department of mental action; and even if we do not exaggerate his relative elevation above his contemporaries, as we are apt to do, or overlook (as we are equally apt to do) the elevation of the great minds of our own time, we still forget that, in

We may begin conveniently by considering some illustrations of exceptional power in the form of mental activity least likely to deceive us—aptitude in dealing with numbers. It is well remarked by Dr. Carpenter, that this quality is so completely a product of culture that we can trace pretty clearly the history of its development. “The definite ideas which we now form of numbers,” he proceeds, “and of the *relations of number*, are the products of intellectual operations based on experience. There are savages at the present time who cannot count beyond five; and even among races that have attained to a considerable proficiency in the arts of life, the range of numerical power seems extremely low. . . . The science of Arithmetic, as at present existing, may be regarded as the accumulated *product* of the intellectual ability of successive generations, each generation building up some addition to the knowledge which it has received from its predecessor. But it can scarcely be questioned by any observant person that an *aptitude* for the apprehension of numerical ideas has come to be embodied in the congenital constitution of races which have long cultivated this branch of knowledge; so that it is far easier to teach arithmetic to the child of an educated stock than it would be to a young Yanco of the Amazons, who, according to La Condamine, can count no higher than *three*, his name for which is Poettarrarorinecaroac.”

As an illustration of congenital aptitude for dealing with numbers, Dr. Carpenter takes the case of Zerah Colburn; and in this we shall follow him, though, as will presently appear, we differ from him as to the significance of that case, the true interpretation of which we believe to be far simpler, but to promise much less, than that adopted by Francis Baily and quoted with approval by Carpenter.

Let us first consider the facts of this remarkable case:—

Zerah Colburn was the son of an American peasant or small farmer. When he was not yet six years of age, he surprised his father by his readiness in multiplying numbers and solving other simple arithmetical problems. He was brought to London in 1812, when only eight years old, and his powers were tested by Francis Baily and other skilful mathematicians. From Carpenter's synopsis of the experiments thus made the following account is taken, technical expressions being as far as possible eliminated (or not used until explained):—

He would multiply any number less than 10 into itself successively nine times, giving the results (by actual multiplication, not from memory) faster than the person appointed to record them could set them down. He multiplied 8 into itself fifteen times, or, in technical terms, raised it to the sixteenth power; and the result, consisting of fifteen digits, was right in every figure. He raised some numbers of two figures as high as

the steady rising of the mighty tide of mental progress, the waves successively flowing in above the tide-line may be separated in time by intervals of many generations, and a greater wave may be followed by several lesser ones, before another like itself, but riding on a higher sea, flows higher still above the shore-line which separates the unknown from the known.

the eighth power, but found a difficulty in proceeding when the result contained a great number of figures.

So far there is nothing which cannot be explained (or which could not, if other facts did not render the explanation invalid) by assuming that the child possessed simply the power of multiplying mentally, with extreme rapidity and correctness, but in the ordinary way.* But the next test removes at once all possibility of explaining his work as done in the ordinary manner. He was asked what number, multiplied by itself, gave 106,929, and he answered 327, *before the original number could be written down*. This was wonderful. But he next achieved a more wonderful feat still, judging his work by the usual rules. He was asked what number, multiplied twice into itself, gave 268,336,125—in other words, to find the cube root of that array of digits; *with equal facility and promptness* he replied, 645. Now, anyone acquainted with the process for finding the cube root—even the most convenient form of the process, as presented by Colenso and others—knows that the cube root of a number of nine digits could not promptly be determined, with pen and paper, in less than three or four minutes, if so soon. If the computer had so perfect a power of calculating mentally that he could proceed as safely as though writing down every step, and as rapidly with each line as Colburn himself in the simple processes before described, he would yet need half a minute at least to get the correct result. This, too, would imply such a power of mentally picturing sets of figures that, even if it explained Colburn's work, it would still be altogether marvellous, if not utterly inexplicable. We know, however, that Colburn was not following ordinary rules, but a method peculiar to himself. In point of fact, he was so entirely ignorant of the usual modes of procedure, that he could not perform on paper a simple sum in multiplication or division.

Let us proceed to farther instances of his remarkable power of calculation.

On being asked how many minutes there are in 48 years, he answered, before the question could be written down, 25,228,800; which is correct, if the extra days for leap years are left out of account. He immediately after gave the correct number of seconds.

We come next, however, to results which appear much more surprising to the mathematician than any of the above, because they relate to questions for which mathematicians have not been able to provide any systematic method of procedure whatever. He was asked to name two numbers which, multiplied together, would give the number 247,483, and he immediately named 941 and 263, which are the only two numbers satisfying the condition. The same problem being set with respect to the number

* The account does not say whether he gave the figures successively from right to left or from left to right. If he began at the left, ordinary multiplication would not explain his success; for no one, however skilful, could multiply a number of thirteen or fourteen figures by a number of one figure so rapidly as to begin at once to name the left-hand digits.

171,895, he named the following pairs of numbers: 5 and 84,279; 7 and 24,485; 59 and 2,905; 83 and 2,065; 35 and 4,897; 295 and 581; and, lastly, 418 and 415. (We presume, as Mr. Baily gives the pairs in this order, that they were so announced by Colburn. The point is of some importance in considering the explanation of the boy's mental procedure.) The next feat was a wonderful one. He was asked to name a number which will divide 86,083 exactly, and he immediately replied that there is no such number; in other words, he recognised this number as what is called a *prime* number, or a number only divisible by itself and by unity, just as readily and quickly as most people would recognise 17, 19, or 23 as such a number, and a great deal more quickly than probably nine persons out of ten would recognise 53 or 59 as such.

Now, if a mathematician were set such a problem, he would have no other resource than to deal with it by direct trial. Of course he would not try every number from 1 upwards to 86,083. He would know that, if the number can be divided at all, it must be divisible by a number less than 190: for any greater divisor would go, exactly, some smaller number of times into 86,083; and that smaller number would itself be a divisor. He would see that the number is not even, and therefore cannot be divided by 2, 4, 6, or any even number. The number is not divisible by 3; for, according to a well-known rule, if it were, the sum of its digits would be so divisible; therefore he would at once dismiss 3, 9, 15, and all numbers divisible by 3 not already dismissed. So with 5 (for the number does not end with a 5); so with 7, by trial; 11, 13, 17, and so on. But he would have to try many numbers of two and three figures by actual division before he had completed his proof that 86,083 has no divisors. Probably (for we must confess we have not tried) he would require about a quarter of an hour of calculation before he could be confident that 86,083 is a prime number. Here however was a child, eight years old, who, to all appearance, completed the work immediately the number was proposed!

The next feat was of the same nature, but very much more difficult; indeed, it taxed the young calculator's powers more than any other feat he accomplished. Fermat, a mathematician who gave great attention to the theory of numbers, had been led, by reasoning which need not here be considered, to the conclusion that, if the number 2 be multiplied into itself 81 times (that is, raised to the thirty-second power), and 1 added, the result will be a prime number. The resulting number is 4,294,967,297. The celebrated mathematician Euler succeeded, however, after a great deal of labour (and, if the truth must be told, after a great waste of time), in showing that this number is divisible by 641. The number was submitted to Zerah Colburn, who was of course not informed of Euler's prior dealings with the problem, and, *after the lapse of some weeks*, the child-calculator discovered the result which the veteran Swiss mathematician had achieved with much greater labour.

Before proceeding to inquire how Colburn achieved these wonders, we

must consider what was learned about his processes. He was not very communicative,—doubtless because the faculty he possessed was not accompanied by commensurate clearness of ideas in other matters. In fact, we might as reasonably expect to find a child of eight years competent to explain processes of calculating, however easily effected, as to find him able to explain how he breathed or spoke. One answer which he made to a mathematician who pressed him more than others to describe his method was clever, though the mathematician was certainly not to be ridiculed for trying to get the true explanation of Colburn's seemingly mysterious powers—"God," said the child, "put these things into my head, and I cannot put them into yours."

Some things, however, he explained as far as he could. He did not seem able to multiply together, at once, two numbers which *both* contained many figures. He would decompose one or other into its factors, and work with these separately. For instance, being asked to multiply 4,395 by itself, he treated 4,395 as the product of 293 and 15, first multiplying 293 by itself, and then multiplying the product twice by 15. On being asked to multiply 999,999 by itself, he treated it, in like manner, as the product of 37,037 and 27, getting the correct result. In this case, probably, a mathematician would have got the start of him, by treating 999,999 as a million less one, whence, by a well-known rule, its square is a million millions and one, less two millions, or 999,998,000,001. "On being interrogated," proceeds the account, "as to the method by which he obtained these results, the boy constantly declared that he did not know *how* the answers came into his mind. In the act of multiplying two numbers together, and in the raising of powers, it was evident (alike from the facts just stated and from the motion of his lips) that *some* operation was going forward in his mind; yet that operation could not, from the readiness with which the answers were furnished, have been at all allied to the usual modes of procedure."

Baily, after discussing the remarkable feats of Zerah Colburn, expressed the opinion that they indicate the existence of properties of numbers, as yet undiscovered, somewhat analogous to those on which the system of logarithms is based. "And if," says Carpenter (quoting Baily), "as Zerah grew older, he had become able to make known to others the methods by which his results were obtained, a real advance in knowledge might have been looked for. But it seems to have been the case with him, as with George Bidder and other 'calculating boys,' that with the general culture of the mind this *special* power faded away."

With all respect for a mathematician so competent to judge on such matters as Francis Baily, we must say his explanation seems altogether insufficient. So far from the properties of logarithms illustrating the feats of Zerah Colburn, they illustrate the power of mathematical developments in precisely the opposite direction. The system of logarithms enabled the calculator to obtain results more quickly than of old, *not* by the more active exercise of his own powers of calculation, but by employing results

accumulated by the labours of others. Its great advantage, and the quality which causes every mathematician to be grateful to the memory of Neper of Merchistoun, resides in the fact that, by taking advantage of a well-known property of numbers, tables of moderate dimensions serve a great number of purposes which by any ordinary plan of tabulation would require several volumes of great size. If it were possible for a calculator to use as readily a set of tables equal in bulk to five volumes of the "London Directory" as he now uses a book of logarithms, and if such volumes could be as easily and as cheaply produced, tables much more labour-saving than the books of logarithms could be constructed. But of course such sets of volumes would be practically useless if they could be produced, and it would be impossible either to find calculators to form the tables or printers and publishers to bring them out. Now, of all processes by which mathematical calculation can be carried out, no two can be more unlike than mental arithmetic on the one hand, and the use of tables, of whatever kind, on the other. Neper invented his system to reduce as far as possible the mental effort in calculation, making the calculator employ results collected by others: young Colburn's success depended on mental readiness; and he was so far from using the results obtained by others, that he did not even know the ordinary methods of arithmetic. A man of Neper's way of thinking would be the last to trust to mental calculation; whereas, if Colburn had retained his skill until he had acquired power to explain his method, he would have been the last to think of such a help to calculation as a table of logarithms. Neper strongly urged the advantage of aids to calculation; Colburn would scarcely have been able to imagine their necessity.

Nor is it at all likely—we could even say it is not possible—that properties of numbers exist through the knowledge of which what Colburn did could be commonly done. The mathematicians who have dealt with the theory of numbers have been too numerous and too skilful, and have worked too diligently in their field of research, to overlook such properties, if they existed. Besides, it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that a child who had but lately learned the nature of numbers, and was altogether unacquainted with the ordinary properties, should have intuitively recognised abstruser properties. A more natural explanation must surely exist, if we consider the matter attentively.

It happens that the writer is able, from his own experience, to advance an explanation which accords well with the facts, and especially with the circumstance that calculating boys usually lose their exceptional power of rapid reckoning when they are instructed in and taught to practise the ordinary methods; for the writer used formerly to possess, though in a slight degree only, a power of finding divisors, products, and so on, which—*unlike ordinary skill in calculation*—required only to be expanded to effect what Colburn effected. It was, in point of fact, simply the power of picturing a number (not the written number, but so many "things"), and changes in the number, corresponding to division or multiplication

as the case might be. Thus the number 24 would be presented as two columns of dots each containing ten, and one column containing four on the right of the columns of ten. If this number were to be multiplied by three, all that was necessary was to picture three set of dots like that just described; then to conceive the imperfect columns brought together on the right, giving six columns of ten and three columns each of four dots; and these three gave at once (by heaping them up properly) another column of ten with two over: in all seven columns of ten and one column of two,—that is, seventy-two. This takes long in writing, but, as pictured in the mind's eye, the three sets representing 24 formed themselves into the single set representing 72 in the twinkling of an eye (if the mind's eye can be imagined twinkling). The process for division was not exactly the reverse of that for multiplication. Thus, 72 being pictured as seven columns of ten and one of two, to divide it by 3, the first six columns of ten were pictured as giving twenty sets of three horizontal dots; the next column of ten gave three vertical triplets, counted from the top; and then the remaining dot at the bottom, with the other two in the imperfect column, gave another triplet, or twenty-four triplets in all. These triplets could all be *seen* as it were; and the only mental calculation properly so called consisted in counting them, which of course was easy, twenty of them being as it were already numbered.

It is easy, with practice, for anyone of average powers to conceive in this way numbers up to several hundreds, and to imagine such processes of change as we have described in a simple case. Of course this fact does not in one sense explain Colburn's feats with much larger numbers. The writer, for instance, would have been as helpless to deal with the numbers Colburn attacked, as anyone who had never adopted the particular method of dealing with numbers described above. But there is this distinction between that method and the ordinary method. No conceivable amount of acquired skill in carrying out the ordinary arithmetical processes mentally could account for Colburn's feats; but the power required for the other method needs only to be possessed to an enhanced degree to enable the calculator to accomplish feats of the kind. It will be observed that when a number has been mentally pictured as a set of columns—so many units, tens, hundreds, thousands, and so on—the mind can proceed to picture this array of dots forming itself into rank and file, so many wide and so many deep, with so many over when a complete rectangular phalanx is not formed. If in any such pictured arrangement there are none thus left over, then the number in each rank is one divisor, and that in each file is another. If the mental sergeant, after conceiving the army set two deep, three deep, four deep, and so on, until rank is exceeded by file, finds no single case where there are *none* left over, then the number thus dealt with has no divisors. Again, if two equal multipliers are wanted to make up a number, or, technically, if the square root of a number is wanted, the mind, after picturing the number, forms it into square,—the equal number in rank and file being the required

square root. Conversely, if a number is given to be multiplied by itself, the mind pictures a square army of dots with that number in rank and file, and then forms the army into columns of tens, hundreds, thousands, &c. Finding cube roots depends on the same power of picturing a number of dots, only, instead of picturing them as arranged on a flat surface like an army, they were probably conceived as set up within cube-shaped spaces. This would not be necessary in cubing numbers, or multiplying any number twice into itself; but in the reverse process it would be the readiest method. Still, quite possibly, the mental process actually followed by Colburn, when a number was given him whose cube root was required, may have simply corresponded to the rapid array of the army representing the number into a number of squares, each having as many in rank and file as there were squares. Thus, suppose the number 64 (which to persons of average capacity for conceiving a number of points or dots would correspond to a large number submitted to Colburn), then the mind would successively picture this number as presented by two ranks of thirty-two and four ranks of sixteen, stopping at the last arrangement, because perceiving that these *four* ranks could be divided into *four* squares, each of *four*. The required cube root then is *four*.

But it may be argued that, admitting this explanation, the marvellous nature of Colburn's feat is in no degree diminished. For, to minds of average power, the faculty of picturing the enormous arrays which the explanation requires is something altogether inconceivable. We are not concerned to make the feats of Colburn, Bidder, and others, appear less marvellous than they are usually considered. They are unquestionably altogether amazing. But the point to which we would direct attention is that they involve marvellous developments of a faculty we all possess to *some* degree, and do not depend on hitherto undiscovered properties of numbers. It will be seen that, according to the explanation we have given, it is not some advanced and recondite property of numbers that is in question, but the mental development of the most elementary method of dealing with numbers,—by actually picturing them. Apart from the mathematical grounds which exist for preferring this explanation to the other, it obviously seems more reasonable to infer that a faculty showing itself at an early stage of mental development (for every remarkable calculator has begun young, and most of them have entirely lost the faculty as they advanced towards manhood) must depend on the simplest principles of numbers, not on principles so abstruse as hitherto to have escaped detection even by the most advanced inquirers into numerical relations.

But the opinion the reader may form on such an explanation as we have here advanced will in part depend, no doubt, on the question whether independent evidence exists to show that the mind can form perfect pictures of a great number of objects, and conceive processes of change to take place, following these processes as confidently as though they took place under the eyes or were effected by the hands of the per-

son conceiving them. It appears to us that there are few apter illustrations of this faculty than we find in the power which some chess-players possess of conducting several games simultaneously without seeing the board. It seems a sufficiently wonderful feat to play a single game without the board, and more wonderful perhaps to a good chess-player than to those little familiar with the game. We find, indeed, that for a long time after the game was invented the attempt was never made to play without boards. Glanvill, in his "Vanity of Dogmatizing" (1661), talks of a "blind man managing a game at chess" much as one would speak of a blind man using a telescope,—as a thing absurd on the face of it. He was a chess-player, too; and one would suppose he had at times thought over games he had formerly played, and thus learned, to some degree, how a game can be mentally followed. But, as we have said, the feat of blindfold chess-playing is even more wonderful to a chess-player who does not possess the power of calling up before the mind a complete picture of board and men at any stage of a game, than it is to one unfamiliar with chess. For the player knows how varied the resources of the game commonly are at each stage, how the choice of any move from amongst several which are available depends on consequences calculated seven or eight moves deep (not for the selected move alone, but for each of the rejected moves). Now if the blindfold player reasoned out each move, by *considering* the scope and influence of each piece, arguing mentally, for instance, that such and such a piece having been moved to such and such a square commands such and such other squares, or can be brought in so many moves to some desired position, or must be guarded by such and such steps from other pieces, it would be simply impossible for him to conduct a game, or at least to complete one within any reasonable time. Yet, strangely enough, many chess-players suppose that it is a feat of this kind which the blindfold player accomplishes. And necessarily the marvel, already great, becomes almost incredible when we remember three, ten, twelve, nay, if we remember rightly,* in one case twenty, blindfold games have been conducted simultaneously by one player.

The real meaning of the feat is understood, however, when we notice that some of the strongest chess-players have been unable to play blindfold, precisely as some of the greatest mathematicians have been unable to deal mentally with any but the very simplest problems. Philidor and La Bourdonnais could both play without seeing the board, but McDonnell, St. Amant, and Staunton, never accomplished the feat (at least in any recorded *partie*). Harrwitz could play blindfold; his rival Horwitz could not. At the present day Blackburne and Zukertort can play ten or twelve games blindfold, but several of the strongest chess-players living

* We believe Paulsen accomplished on one occasion the feat of playing twenty games simultaneously without seeing the board. We know certainly that Morphy, the stronger player of the two (and probably the strongest chess-player ever known), admitted that Paulsen could conduct more blindfold games simultaneously than himself, yet Morphy often played twelve blindfold games at once.

do not, we believe, possess the power. We must, therefore, find an explanation which shall not require the blindfold player to be superior in chess-strength to the player who is unable to carry on a contest without seeing the board. The explanation is simple. The blindfold player is able to picture to himself the board and men, at any stage of a game, and thus plays mentally with as much ease and confidence as if he had the board before him. If he is conducting a dozen blindfold games simultaneously, his method is the same. We are unable to say, however, whether he pictures all the games at once, as though the boards were ranged before him; or calls up a mental picture of each board, with the men properly placed for that game as its turn comes round. Probably, in most cases, the latter is the method adopted. It matters little for our argument which manner of conceiving the boards and men* is preferred. In either case, we perceive that the mind must have a complete record of a great number of objects, and a power of conceiving changes of position amongst these objects, strictly analogous to that by which we have endeavoured to explain the feats of Zerah Colburn. When a blindfold chess-player (or rather a player without board, for the blindfolding is merely nominal) is conducting twelve games, he has, either in one mental image or available for successive study, twelve boards, each with 64 squares, or 768 squares to be separately recognised, with in all (at starting) 384 men. At every step he has to select between several alternative moves, each admitting of several alternative replies, each reply suggesting various lines of play, so that the total number of moves to be considered increases in geometrical proportion. To consider each position effectively, he must conceive the various steps of each line of play as actually taking place before him. To do this for ten or twelve games, against good players, surrounded by spectators who expect each game to progress without undue delay (so that he must play ten or twelve times as rapidly as his opponents) requires unquestionably a power of mental calculation rivalling in degree that shown in the feats of Colburn, Bidder, and others, though altogether different in kind. In fact, it has been remarked by Todhunter, the mathematician, that skill in chess is a quality not unlike mathematics, as a test of mental power, though with this important difference, that mathematics properly employed are useful in science, whereas the skill shown by the chess-player can afford no results corresponding to the labour acquired in attaining such skill. Of mere mathematical skill, apart from its useful application, Todhunter says well, that it is not so highly to be esteemed as the practice at Cambridge suggests. "It seems at least

* In speaking of several games played simultaneously, the writer has no experience of his own to guide him. In his youth, he used often to play a single game without board, and can still conduct a game in that way, though not so readily as of old, a break of nearly twenty years in chess practice having had the effect of diminishing the completeness of the mental image of board and men. It does not appear to him that he would find more difficulty in playing two or three games in this way than in playing one, though of course his play would be slower.

partially to resemble the chess-playing power which we find marvellously developed in some persons. The feats which we see or know to be performed by adepts at this game are very striking, but the utility of them may be doubted, whether we regard the chess-player as an end to himself or his country." This view of the resemblance between mathematical feats and feats of chess-playing has been—independently—enunciated also by Professor Atkinson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who speaks of mathematical problems by themselves, and divorced from their connection with the physical sciences, as "hardly rising in dignity or educational value above the game of chess." *

There can be no doubt that some persons possess the power of forming mental pictures so perfect as to serve all the purposes of objective realities—that is, to admit (as in the case we have supposed to be illustrated by the feats of mental calculators and chess-players) of processes which may be called mental manipulation. Most of us have experienced the existence of this faculty in dreams. For instance, we dream of reading a book and the mental conception of the book is so perfect that, as it were, we turn leaf after leaf finding each page perfectly presented—paper, type, arrangement, &c., all pictured by a process of unconscious cerebration, precisely corresponding to the conscious action of the mind which we have assumed in our explanation of Colburn's mastery over a certain class of arithmetical problems. The same faculty is exercised by the artist who draws either from memory or by a sort of creative talent which enables him to conceive suitable forms or attitudes, and copy them as though the conceptions were realities. Dr. Richardson, in an interesting essay on hallucinations, mentions a singular illustration of this faculty in the case of Wm. Blake. This artist once "produced three hundred portraits from his own hand in one year." When asked on what this peculiar power of rapid work depended, he answered "that when a sitter came to him, he looked at him attentively for half-an-hour, sketching from time to

* It is rather singular that a chess-player of note, Herr Kling, has given to a treatise on the game the title "Chess-Euclid." Ernest Morphy, uncle of Paul Morphy, has written a work entitled the "Logic of Chess." We find in a sketch of P. Morphy's doings in Europe, in 1858, a passage at once indicating his natural aptitude for the game and its quasi-mathematical character. "In answer to a gentleman in Paris as to whether he had not studied many works on chess, I heard him state," says the writer of the sketch, "that no author had been of much value to him, and that he was astonished at finding various positions and solutions given as novel—certain moves producing certain results, &c.," *for that he had made the same deductions himself as necessary consequences.* In like manner, Newton demonstrated in his own mind the problems of Euclid, the enunciations only being given, "and I can think of no more suitable epithet for Morphy than to call him the 'Newton of Chess.'" The last sentence, however, is absurd. We may add that it was not Newton, but, if we remember rightly, Thos. Chalmers, who is said to have given the demonstrations of Euclid's propositions when the enunciations only had been given him (Newton said that the propositions appeared to him self-evident). Several well-known mathematicians have been skilful chess-players; and Anderssen, who was victor in the chess tourneys of 1851 and 1862, is Professor of Mathematics in the University of Breslau.

time on the canvas; then he put away the canvas and took another sitter. When he wished to resume the first portrait, he said, 'I took the man, and put him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man.' '* It may be well to mention that the exercise of this faculty is fraught with danger in some cases. Blake, after a while, began to lose the power of distinguishing "between the real and imaginary sitters, so that" (the *sequitur* is not quite manifest, however) "he became actually insane, and remained in an asylum for thirty years. Then his mind was restored to him, and he resumed the use of the pencil; but the old evil threatened to return, and he once more forsook his art, soon afterwards to die."

It may perhaps appear to the reader that this case, however remarkable in itself, does not prove the possibility of conceiving with perfect distinctness other objects than were retained in the memory, and therefore is not sufficient to explain the mental feats before considered. But there are cases not less remarkably illustrating the distinctness of the mental vision, where the objects conceived were certainly not called up by an act of memory. Thus Talma the tragedian could at will picture a crowded audience as so many skeletons, each perfect in every detail corresponding to the attitude of the person thus metamorphosed. This case is the more remarkable that usually the exercise of the bodily eye interferes with that of the mind's eye. Talma was not only able to picture the theatre as full of skeletons, but they became so real in appearance, that he acted as though they were his auditors and critics; and Hyacinthe Langlois tells us that Talma's acting was rendered more intensely effective by the imagined presence of these singular spectators.

However, we are not concerned now to enquire into the nature of hallucinatory manifestations, and we mention these stories only as indicating the power which the mind possesses of calling up images of objects not merely remembered, but formed, as it were, by the mind's own act. It may be presumed that every complete image thus formed is produced by combining objects already known and remembered. In the process of mental arithmetic above described, the mental "counters" appeared (in the writer's case) as whitish spots on a dark ground. In mental chess-playing there must be great diversity. It would be interesting to ascertain

* We may mention here the story that Garrick once sat for another man's portrait. It need scarcely be said perhaps that the story is not strictly true. It was, however, based on a fact. The likeness of Fielding forming the frontispiece to Murphy's edition of Fielding's novels was drawn by Hogarth from memory after the novelist's death. "Being unable," Sturz says, "to call to mind some peculiar expression about the mouth, Garrick came to his aid by imitating it." In reality, the power of imitating some expression of another's countenance is a faculty well worth considering. It would be a matter of curious enquiry (in the scientific sense) to discuss why some persons are able to imitate almost any expression, while others with equal command of feature, when attempting to represent a particular expression, produce an expression which is totally different, though perhaps equally characteristic.

from Morphy, Blackburne, and the rest, what sort of mental boards and pieces they employ; for such masters of the art of blindfold play must see well-defined pictures,—chess-boards and men which they could describe and could get made for them.* Our own mental chess-board is ill-finished about the edges, and the men have shadowy supports which, as it were, elude us when we try to determine their character. Probably every reader of these lines has met with a similar difficulty in attempting to determine the exact nature of a mental image. For instance, the newspaper account of an accident states, let us say, that "several persons who were standing near" when an accident happened did so and so; on reading this you immediately have a mental image of several persons, but they are shadowy beings, and if you try to determine precisely what they are like, they become still more shadowy or vanish altogether. (But probably no two persons have the same experience in such matters.)†

It may be questioned whether some remarkable feats of memory may not be explained by the power of forming mental pictures, though of course the power of recalling the sequences of sound must oftener be that on which the remembrances of long series of notes and numbers depend.

It is to be noted, in considering feats of memory relating to written or spoken words, that apart from artificial aids to memory, there are at least three ways in which memory may act:—

We may remember the facts, and may thus often recall the words also, especially if these are particularly appropriate or striking. Indeed, there are some passages which could hardly be recalled without the appropriate words, simply because no other words or arrangement of words would present the same ideas so well. For instance, the soliloquy in *Macbeth*, beginning "If it were done, when 'tis done, &c.," might be recalled word for word by one who had carefully noted the sequence of ideas, and

* Thus a Cerebral Museum might present as curiosities the board and men with which Morphy played such and such a game blindfold; the set of eight boards and men used by Blackburne in mental play on such and such an occasion. We have all heard the story of the sword exhibited as the one Balaam had in his hand when the ass addressed him (hallucinatory manifestation, no doubt), and how when it was pointed out that he only wished for such a sword, the relic was described as "the very sword he wished for;" but, if we may say so without spoiling a good story, supposing Balaam had a clear mental idea of the sword with which he would have liked to kill that obnoxious ass, a sword constructed accordingly would be an interesting object to the student of mental phenomena.

† The "person" who makes his (or her) appearance in this case must have had, we suppose, some definite origin, but he (or she) is not easily identified. The mental "bystander" is a different being altogether. We have never been able to satisfy ourselves whether the "person" came out of books or pictures known to us in childhood, or had some real original. We half incline to think that our "person" is an imperfect mental image of a woman, a sort of nurse-housekeeper, who was the first person we knew much of outside the family circle. Something in the aspect of the mental person, when momentarily called up with unusual clearness, reminds us of that mistress of our childhood,

also of course (as part of this way of remembering) the use of particular words and images. Every sentence brings in the next, and very little effort of memory is required to recall such peculiarities of expression as "trammel up the consequence," "with his surcease success," "the be-all and the end-all here," and so on. Some parts of the soliloquy in *Hamlet*, beginning "To be, or not to be," might even be recalled by the incongruity of the images.* It is not probable that any of the more remarkable feats of memory recorded can be explained by the exercise of this method, which may be called *reasoning memory*, though this kind of memory is undoubtedly the most valuable, and perhaps the only kind necessarily indicating mental power, in the usual sense of the words.

Secondly, we may remember a passage by the mere sequence of words or sounds without reference (or at least without special reference) to the sense. This method may be called *verbal* or, preferably, *syllabic memory*. We are all of us more or less familiar with this kind of memory, even though we may not often, or perhaps ever, adopt this particular way of learning passages by heart. A passage learned otherwise, but often repeated

* It does not seem to us at all clear that the critics (from Voltaire downwards) who have abused Shakespeare for making Hamlet talk of taking "arms against a sea of troubles," are better justified than a moralist would be who should object to the reasoning of Iago. It is of course possible that Shakespeare wrote a careless line in this noble soliloquy. Jonson tells us that Shakespeare, in extemporising on one occasion in the character of Julius Cæsar, brought out the amazing line, "Cæsar never doth wrong but with good cause." Extemporising and writing, however, are different matters; and it seems on the whole safer to consider that Shakespeare had some idea what he was writing when he created the soliloquies of Hamlet. The point is to some degree connected with the question—about which so much has been written to so little purpose—whether Shakespeare intended to present Hamlet as really insane, at least from the time of the interview with the Ghost. Though this seems untenable, yet in all the later soliloquies (which really determine the point) there is manifest evidence of mental disturbance, whereas only a certain perturbation of spirit is shown in the soliloquy of the second scene. Shakespeare's purpose seems so clear that one wonders how anyone can mistake it. Hamlet's pretended madness was first thought of, where Hamlet says,

"How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on."

This was too soon after the interview with the Ghost to be regarded as a deliberately adopted plan. Manifestly it was intended at first merely to account to his friends for "the wild and whirling words" he had just used: he is beginning to recover himself, and perceives how strange his behaviour must seem to Horatio and Marcellus. As the scene closes, his wildness has given place to settled despair. We have said that the soliloquies decide the question of Shakespeare's real intention—if a true poet can be said to weigh such matters. (We know how Richter said, "A poet who doubts whether a character shall say this or that, to the devil with him.") The soliloquy following the interview with the Ghost is specially decisive of the state of Hamlet's mind *then*. Who but one half-crazed for the moment would have thought of jotting down a note about the smiling of villains, just after he had heard of his father's murder, and from his father's ghost?

after being learned, comes to be repeated in this manner.* But the point to be noted is that the power of learning syllabically—so to describe this method—is probably the true interpretation of the feats of memory which are commonly regarded as so astonishing,—as indeed they are, though not in the sense in which they are usually apprehended. We have already referred in these pages † to a suggestion by Wendell Holmes, that this kind of memory might be regarded as a useful dynamometer, “which may yet find its place in education.” It appears to us that the faculty is not more closely associated with true mental power than the faculty of recalling a tune which has been heard once or seldom. It is indeed a faculty of precisely the same kind; though it may well be that a person possessing one of these faculties may not always possess the other. If we rightly consider the case of a person who, having heard a long-continued sequence of notes forming an air or tune, is able to repeat the sequence correctly, we shall find it at least as remarkable as a case like that mentioned by Pepys, of a person who could repeat sixty unconnected words, or of the Indian who could repeat a long passage in Greek or Hebrew after it had been once recited, though ignorant of either language. It happens curiously enough that Paul Morphy, the chess-player, possesses in an unusual (though not actually phenomenal) degree the power referred to. In the work recording his achievements in chess, for instance, we find this passage:—“In the evening we went to the Opéra-Comique, and witnessed a very unsatisfactory performance of *La Part du Diable*. Morphy has a great love for music, and his memory for any air he has once heard is astonishing. . . . *La Part du Diable* was a new opera, yet Morphy, after leaving the theatre, hummed over many of the airs to me, which he had just heard for the first time, with astonishing

* It is indeed singular how retentive this kind of memory is. In saying this, we do not refer to the remembrance of familiar passages often repeated, for in reality such instances prove nothing; but there are cases where a passage learned in childhood, and not repeated for many successive years, is found not only to be retained as a passage having such and such a meaning, but syllabically, even with imperfections belonging to the time when it was learned. The following instance seems worth mentioning:—The writer, when about eight years old, and long before he began to learn Greek under proper tuition, was led by childish ambition to con a Greek grammar belonging to a schoolfellow. His first step was naturally to learn the alphabet, and it so chanced that he took the ordinary pronunciation of every letter except “Chi,” the “ch” in which he pronounced as in “child.” The Greek grammar was soon dropped; and of course when the study of the language was entered upon, the usual pronunciation of “Chi” was indicated by the teacher. But though, perhaps, the Greek alphabet was not half a dozen times repeated in the old manner from that time for twenty or thirty onwards, yet to this day, if the writer were to repeat the Greek alphabet while his thoughts were occupied with other matters, the wrong “chi” would come out. It is the same with several Latin words learned in France when he was still younger, and still pronounced in the French way, unless by an effort the English or the more correct Continental pronunciation be adopted.

† See an article on the Growth and Decay of Mind, in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, November 1873.

precision." Of course the noteworthy point, here, is that Morphy is not a musician.

The third way in which a passage may be remembered is by the aid of a mental picture of the words forming the passage. After what we have seen of the achievements of Colburn, Morphy, and others, by means of the power of forming mental pictures, it need not surprise us if some persons can call up a mental picture of complete pages of letter-press, so that page after page may be mentally turned, as it were, and the words in them read off precisely as though the mental book were an objective reality. Nor is it at all improbable that this method of remembering series of words may explain some remarkable cases in which recited words have been repeated. We manifestly cannot explain in this way such a feat as the Indian's above mentioned, or any case in which uneducated persons have repeated long series of words; for it is impossible for persons who cannot read to form mental pictures of words. But the case mentioned by Pepys can be explained in this way, and some of the feats of Pepys' memory-man can scarcely be explained otherwise. A man with a ready imagination can picture a word as printed so soon as it is uttered, and if several successive words are repeated, he will picture the series as clearly as though a page containing them were before his eyes. If he has a mental faculty corresponding to what Gustave Doré calls "collodion in the eye," the picture thus formed can be recalled at any time, and the whole series of words repeated. We have said that some feats can scarcely be otherwise explained. Pepys tells us that the prodigy he describes could repeat a series of recited words *backwards* almost or quite as readily as forwards. Here, then, there was no syllabic repetition. However perfectly we may recall a series of words by syllabic memory, it is not easy to repeat the words backwards, as anyone (not troubled with the fears of being reputed a practiser of the evil art) can in a moment test by trying to repeat the Lord's Prayer backwards. Much less could anyone repeat backwards a series of words only just learned by syllabic memory. No doubt the man whose feats so astonished Pepys possessed the power of picturing each word as a printed word as soon as it was uttered; and having thus formed in his mind's eye a complete picture of a long series of words, he could repeat them as readily backwards as though he were reading a series of words backwards from a book.*

* It is probable that some of our readers may not be aware of the use of this faculty of mental picturing, to recall forgotten words. For there are many who possess the faculty but, never exercising it, remain ignorant of its existence. (Once recognised, the faculty may be greatly strengthened by use.) As a simple illustration of the useful exercise of this power, the writer cites a case which occurred a few days ago to himself. He was about to address a letter to a friend in the country, when he found that the most necessary part of the address had escaped his recollection. The name of the person, the name of the house, and the name of a large town near which was the park by which the house was situated were recalled, but the name of the park

Mental pictures may not only be formed in this way, but mental processes corresponding to particular actions may be carried on; and whatever the explanation may be, it is certain that skill in such actions may be acquired by such mere mental exercise. In some cases this is in no way remarkable. For instance, we can easily understand that when a passage is repeated mentally the power of repeating it aloud may be acquired or increased. But it is different when the action to be acquired is strictly mechanical. It seems worth noticing, by those who make a special study of the brain and its powers, that a series of movements may be, as it were, *practised* mentally. For we are in the habit of regarding practised movements as acquired by associating certain mental processes with the actual performance of corresponding bodily actions, and it is not easy to explain, according to any known theory of cerebral action, how the association of mental processes with actions only conceived mentally can give skill resembling that derived from actual practice. Consider, for instance, one who is learning a piece of music for the piano, not having as yet acquired the art of immediately manipulating any indicated movement. We can understand how, by actually practising a difficult movement in the piece, such a learner can acquire the art of rendering it easily and effectively; for the theory of the brain tells us how certain muscles learn to respond in a particular way, and in proper time and sequence, to the messages conveyed by the visual nerves to the brain. But it is strange that when those muscles have not actually been exercised, but merely the idea of their use excited, the learner should yet acquire the art of using them in the required way.

Even more remarkable, however, is the fact that dexterity in particular processes is often inherited; nay, not only so, but sometimes, as it were, developed and intensified in the inheriting. We have hitherto not referred to the theory that some instances of wonderful mental power are to be explained by the doctrine of heredity. In fact, the instances we have been dealing with do not, so far as we know, illustrate that doctrine. Morphy's uncle is a strong chess-player, but not a fanatic for chess. Morphy's skill was shown indeed at an early age (when only twelve years old he won two games out of three, and drew the third, against Herr Löwenthal), but that point of itself is not sufficient to indicate *directly* inherited ability. Of Zerah Colburn's ancestry we know nothing. In passing, we may mention a circumstance which possibly may be connected

was forgotten, and as the writer was in a hurry to catch a particular post, of course the more the name was mentally hunted after, the less chance there was of recalling it. But this friend used note-paper with the address engraved in full upon it; and though none of his letters were at hand to show the address, it occurred to the writer that, on his forming a mental picture of the remembered part of the address, the forgotten word would appear in its proper and well-remembered place. This happened the moment the attempt was made. We would prefer not to say whether the letter was in time for post. It *might* have been, which is all the reader need care to know.

with his phenomenal skill in elementary arithmetic. There is, or was, a family of Colburns, mentioned in the *American Popular Science Monthly* for November 1873, in which "the parents for four generations transmitted to the children what is called sex-digitism—i.e. hands and feet with six fingers each;" and considering the important part which the fingers play in the arithmetic of childhood, one can imagine that the young Colburns must have acquired unusual mastery over numbers. Not that six fingers on each hand would be at all convenient in numeration; but, on the contrary, because learning the elements of arithmetic by the usual decimal system would be rendered more difficult, and the learner compelled to master arithmetical relations more thoroughly. However, we do not know even that Zerah Colburn was a member of this many-fingered family—and certainly he was not duodecimally fingered himself. It is noteworthy that, notwithstanding the antiquity of the science of numeration, the examples of skill hereditarily transmitted are much fewer than we might expect, especially when it is remembered that the sons of a mathematician have a better chance than others of receiving good mathematical training, and therefore a mathematical bias. Except the Bernouillis, and perhaps the Cassinis, we can recall no families in which mathematical talent has seemed to be in any sense hereditary.

It is otherwise with music, and perhaps with painting.* Heredity shows itself more markedly, it would seem, in the arts than in the sciences. Taking music, we find some remarkable instances. The Bach family, which took its rise in 1550 and became extinct in 1800, presents an unbroken series of musicians for nearly two centuries of that interval. The head of the family was Veit Bach, a baker of Presburg, and his two sons were the first of the family who were musicians by profession. The descendants literally "overran Thuringia, Saxony, and Franconia," says Papillon. "They were all organists, church singers, or what is called in Germany 'city musicians.' When they became too numerous to live all together, and the members of this family were scattered abroad, they resolved to meet once a year, on a stated day, with a view to keep up a sort of patriarchal bond of union. This custom was kept up until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century, and oftentimes more than 100 persons bearing the name of Bach, men, women, and children, were to be seen assembled. In the family are reckoned twenty-nine eminent musicians, and twenty-eight of a lower grade." Rossini's family played music at fairs; Beethoven's father and grandfather were musicians; Mozart's father was Second Capellmeister to the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg.

* In Titian's family we find the names of nine painters. The Caraccis, Teniers, Vanderveldes, Van Ostades, Hondekoeters, and others, will occur at once. Special methods of drawing and painting seem also to be inherited, not merely imitated. In the present writer's family the construction of large drawings in pen-and-ink (so as to have the appearance of engravings) has been a favourite employment of leisure time; and in the last three generations, certainly, the taste was not imitated, circumstances having prevented this. Thus, in the writer's own case, the taste first showed itself several years after the death of the parent from whom it was inherited.

We are prepared then to find, in the theory of transmitted habits, the explanation of the wonderful musical powers of Mozart, with some account of which (from his life by Holmes) we must close this note, already drawn far beyond the limits proposed when we began:—"When Mozart's sister, then seven years old, was learning to play on the clavier (the early form of the piano), Mozart, then three years old, 'was a constant attendant on her lessons; and already showed by his fondness for striking thirds, and pleasing his ear by the discovery of other harmonious intervals, a lively interest in music. At four, he could always retain in memory the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard; and now his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. The musical faculty seems to have been intuitive in him; for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time; his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass. To learn a minuet, he required half an hour; for a longer piece, an hour; and having once mastered them, he played them with perfect neatness and in exact time. His progress was so great, that at four years of age, or earlier, he composed little pieces, which his father wrote down for him." Later, "In music. He astonished his teacher, not so much by an avidity for information, as by his impossibility of telling him anything that he did not know before. At the age of six, Mozart knew the effect of sounds as represented by notes, and had overcome the difficulty of composing unaided by an instrument. Having commenced composition with recourse to the clavier, his powers in mental music constantly increased, and he soon imagined effects of which the original type existed only in his brain."

But in some respects perhaps the most remarkable circumstance related in this life of Mozart is the following. When he was only seven years old, his father took him to see an organ with pedals. "To amuse ourselves," says the father, in a letter to a friend, "I explained the pedals to Wolfgang. He began immediately, *stante pede*, to try them, pushed the stool back, and preluded standing and treading the bass, and really as if he had practised many months. Everyone was astonished; this is a new gift of God, which many only attain after much labour."

To sum up,—we perceive that the human mind is capable of forming pictures of processes, by following which mentally calculations of considerable complexity may be carried out, and other useful results obtained; we see that the mind can so perfectly picture some processes as to help in actually training the body by mere mental exercise; and lastly, we note that such powers, and even the accumulated results of long years of experience, may in some cases be transmitted hereditarily. In these facts we may recognise interesting evidence respecting the possible future development of the human mind.

Robert Herrick.

It is told of Mahommed that when the political economists of the day provoked him by the narrowness of their utilitarian schemes, he was wont to silence them with these words: "If a man has two loaves of bread, let him exchange one for some flowers of the narcissus, for bread only nourishes the body, but to look on the narcissus feeds the soul." Robert Herrick was one of the few who have been content to carry out this precept, and to walk through life with a little bread in the one hand, and in the other a bunch of golden flowers. With an old serving-woman in a tumble-down country parsonage his life passed merrily among such dreams as Oriental sultans wear themselves out to realise, and his figure stands out in front of the shining ranks of his contemporaries as that around which most vividly of all there flashes the peculiar light "which never was on sea or land." He may be well contrasted with a man whose native genius was probably exceedingly like his own, but whose life was as brilliant and eventful as Herrick's was retired, namely, Sir John Suckling. The wit, fire, and exuberant imagination that interpenetrated both found scope in the life of one and in the works of the other; Suckling's poems are strangely inadequate to represent his genius and fame; Herrick, on the other hand, may be taken almost as the typical poet, the man who, if not a lyrist, would be nothing, the birdlike creature whose only function was to sing in a cage of trammeling flesh. There are many features in his career, besides the actual excellence of his verse, which make him an object of peculiar interest. Among the pure poets he occupies the most prominent position in the school that flourished after Ben Jonson and before Milton, and though his life was of immense duration—he was born before Marlowe died, and died after the birth of Addison—his actual period of production covers the comparatively small space occupied by the reign of Charles I. This period was one of great lyrical ability; the drama was declining under Massinger and Shirley, and all the young generation of poets, brought up at the feet of Jonson and Fletcher, were much more capable of writing songs than plays. Indeed, no one can at this time determine what degree of technical perfection the English literature might not have attained if the Royalist lyrists had been allowed to sun themselves unmolested about the fountains of Whitehall, and, untroubled by the grave questions of national welfare, had been able to give their whole attention to the polishing of their verses. In fact, however, it will be noticed that only one of the whole school was undisturbed by the political crisis. The weaker ones, like Lovelace, were completely broken by it; the stronger,

like Suckling, threw themselves into public affairs with a zeal and intensity that supplied the place of the artificial excitements of poetry so completely as to put a stop to their writing altogether. Herrick alone, with imperturbable serenity, continued to pipe out his pastoral ditties, and crown his head with daffodils, when England was torn to pieces with the most momentous struggle for liberty that her annals can present. To the poetic student he is, therefore, of especial interest, as a genuine specimen of an artist, pure and simple. Herrick brought out the *Hesperides* a few weeks before the King was beheaded, and people were invited to listen to little madrigals upon Julia's stomacher at the singularly inopportune moment when the eyes of the whole nation were bent on the unprecedented phenomenon of the proclamation of an English republic. To find a parallel to such unconsciousness we must come down to our own time, and recollect that Théophile Gautier took occasion of the siege of Paris to revise and republish *Émaux et Camées*.

Herrick was born in London, in "the golden Cheapside," in August 1591, and all we can guess about his childhood is to be picked up in one of his own confidential pieces about himself, where he speaks with intense delight of his early life by the river-side, going to bathe in the "summer's sweeter evenings" with crowds of other youths, or gliding with pomp in a barge, with the young ladies of the period, "soft-smooth virgins," up as far as Richmond, Kingston, and Hampton Court. In the same poem he speaks of his "beloved Westminster," from which allusion it has been illogically imagined that he was at school there. The first certain fact in his life is that in 1607 he was apprenticed to his uncle, the rich goldsmith of Wood Street, with whom one may presume that he remained until 1615, when we find him entered as fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. His London life, therefore, closed when his age was twenty-four, and his acquaintance with literary life in the metropolis must have come to rapid development within the eight years of his apprenticeship. Speculation in this case is not so vain as usual. If any fact about Herrick be certain, it is that he sat at the feet of Ben Jonson; the poems of rapturous admiration and reverence that abound in the *Hesperides* set this beyond question. In one piece, it will be remembered, he speaks, with passion unusual to him, of the old days when Ben Jonson's plays were brought out at the London theatres, and gives us an important date by describing the unfavourable reception of the *Alchemist*, much as a poet of the Romanticism would have described the reception of *Hernani* for the first time at the Théâtre Français. But the *Alchemist* was brought out in 1610, when our poet was nineteen years old, and it was received with great excitement as an innovation. We may well believe that the young apprentice, fired with enthusiasm for the great poet, distinguished himself by the loudness and truculence of his applause, and claimed the privilege of laying his homage afterwards at the author's feet. Nineteen years later exactly the same thing was done by a younger generation, when Carew, Randolph, and Cleaveland made a riot

at the damning of the *New Inn*, and then laid their lyric worship at the grand old poet's feet. Jonson loved to receive such homage, and to pose as the poet of the age; in fact, we cannot be too often reminded that to the intellectual public of that day he took exactly the same regal position among his contemporaries that we unanimously accord to Shakespeare. Taking for granted that Herrick became a familiar member of Jonson's circle about 1610, we must suppose him to have witnessed in succession the first performances of *Catiline* and of *Bartholomew Fair*, and to have known the poet of the "mountain belly and the rocky face" at the very height of his creative power. More important for us, however, as being far more in unison with the tastes and genius of Herrick, are the masques which Jonson was engaged upon at this time. It is very strange that no writer upon the poetry of that age has noticed what an extraordinary influence the masques of Ben Jonson had upon Herrick. We have seen that he must have become acquainted with that poet in 1610. It is more than remarkable to notice that it was in this year that Jonson produced *Oberon, the Fairy Prince*, a beautiful masque that contains the germs of many of Herrick's most fantastic fairy-fancies. *The Masque of Queens*, brought out some months earlier, is full of Herrick-like passages about hags and witches; and we might pursue the parallel much further, did space permit, showing how largely Jonson, on the milder and more lyrical side of his genius, inspired the young enthusiast and pointed out to him the poetic path that he should take. We cannot with equal certainty say that Herrick was acquainted with any other of the great poets. Shakespeare was settled at Stratford, and in London only briefly and at distant intervals; he died at the end of Herrick's first year at Cambridge. Herrick writes of Fletcher thirty years later as though he had known him slightly, and speaks of the power of the *Maid's Tragedy* to make "young men swoon," as though he had seen it at the first performance in 1611. He must have known Jonson's jolly friend Bishop Corbet, who was also a lover of fairy-lore, and he may have known Browne, whose poetry Jonson approved of, and who was then studying in the Inner Temple, and beginning to publish *Britannia's Pastorals*. It was probably at this time, and through Ben Jonson, that he became acquainted with Selden, for whose prodigious learning and wit he preserved an extravagant admiration through life. This is as far as we dare to go in speculation; if Herrick, so fond of writing about himself, had found time for a few more words about his contemporaries, we might discover that he had dealings with other interesting men during this period of apprenticeship, but probably his circle was pretty much limited to the personal and intimate friends of Jonson.

In 1615, as we have said, he took up his abode at Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner of St. John's, and here he seems to have remained till 1629. How these fourteen years of early manhood were spent it is now impossible to conjecture. That he became Master of Arts in 1620 is not so important an item of history as that he was certainly very poor,

and in the habit of making a piteous annual appeal to his rich uncle for ten pounds to buy books with. Fourteen of these appeals exist, written in a florid, excited style, with a good many Latin quotations and old-fashioned references to "Apelles ye painter," in the manner of "Euphuus;" it is amusing to note that he manages to spell his own surname in six different ways, and not one of them that which is now adopted on the authority of the title-page of the *Hesperides*. There can be no doubt that he began writing in London; it is certain that he was known as a poet at Cambridge. One of the few dates in the *Hesperides* is 1627, two years before the exodus into Devonshire, and in *Lacrine* he says that before he went into exile into the loathed west

He could rehearse

A lyric verse,

And speak it with the best.

The *Hesperides*, in its present state, offers no assistance to us in trying to discover what was written early or late, for nothing is more obvious than that the verses were thrown together without the slightest regard to the chronology of their composition. However, in 1629, he was presented to the living of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in South Devon, and there he remained in quiet retirement until 1648, when he was ejected by the Puritans.

Such is the modest biography of this poet up to the time of the publication of the two books which caused and have retained his great reputation. Fortunately he has himself left copious materials for autobiography in the gossip pages of his own confidential poems. Glancing down the index to the *Hesperides*, one is constantly struck by such titles as "On Himself," "To his Muse," and "His Farewell to Sack," and one is not disappointed in turning to these to collect an impression of the author's individuality. Indeed, few writers of that age appear more vividly in relief than Herrick; the careful student of his poems learns to know him at last as a familiar friend, and every feature of body and mind stands out clearly before the eye of the imagination. He was physically a somewhat gross person, as far as his portraits will enable one to judge, with great quantities of waving or curling black hair, and a slight black moustache; the eyebrows distinct and well-arched, the upper lip short, the nose massive and Roman. In the weighty points of the face, especially in the square and massive under-jaw, there is much of the voluptuous force of the best type among the Roman emperors; and bearing these features well in mind, it becomes easy to understand how it was that Herrick came to write so much that an English gentleman, not to say clergyman, had better have left unsaid. His temperament was scarcely clerical.

I fear no earthly powers,

But care for crowns of flowers;

And love to have my beard

With wine and oil besmeared.

This day I'll drown all sorrow;

Who knows to live to-morrow?

This was his philosophy, and it is not to be distinguished from that of Anacreon or Horace. One knows not how the old pagan dared to be so outspoken in his dreary Devonshire vicarage, with no wild friends to egg him on or to applaud his fine frenzy. His Epicureanism was plainly a matter of conviction, and though he wrote *Noble Numbers*, preached sermons, and went through all the perfunctory duties of his office, it is not in these that he lives and has his pleasure, but in half-classical dreams about Favonius and Isis, and in flowery mazes of sweet thoughts about fair, half-imaginary women. It matters little to him what divinity he worships, if he may wind daffodils into the god's bright hair. In one hand he brings a garland of yellow flowers for the amorous head of Bacchus, with the other he decks the osier-cradle of Jesus with roses and Lent-lilies. He has no sense of irreverence in this rococo devotion. It is the attribute and not the deity he worships. There is an airy frivolity, an easy-going callousness of soul that makes it impossible for him to feel very deeply. There is a total want of passion in his language about women—the nearest approach to it, perhaps, is in the wonderful song "To Anthea," where the lark-like freshness of the ascending melody closely simulates intense emotion—with all his warmth of fancy and luxurious animalism, he thinks more of the pretty eccentricities of dress than the charms the garments contain. He is enraptured with the way in which the Countess of Carlisle wears a riband of black silk twisted round her arm; he palpitates with pleasure when Mistress Katherine Bradshaw puts a crown of laurel on his head, falling on one knee, we may believe, and clasping his hands as he receives it. He sees his loves through the medium of shoe-strings and pomander bracelets, and is alive, as no poet has been before or since, to the picturesqueness of dress. Everybody knows his exquisite lines about the "tempestuous petticoat," and his poems are full of little touches no less delicate than this. Only two things make him really serious: one is his desire of poetic fame. Every lyric he writes he considers valuable enough to be left as a special legacy to some prime friend. He is eager to die before the world; to pass away, like Pindar, garlanded and clasped in the arms of love, while the theatre resounds with plaudits. His thirst for fame is insatiable, and his confidence of gaining it intense. His poesy is "his hope and his pyramids," a living pillar "ne'er to be thrown down by envious Time," and it shall be the honour of great musicians to set his pieces to music when he is dead. When he is dead! That has a saddening sound! Life was meant to last for ever, and it makes him angry to think of death. He rings his head about with roses, clasps Julia to his arms, and will defy death. Yet, if death should come, as he sometimes feels it must, he is not unmindful of what his end should be. No thoughts of a sad funeral or the effrontery of a Christian burial oppress him; he cannot think even of dismal plumes or of a hearse. He will be wound in one white robe, and borne to a quiet garden-corner, where the over-blown roses may

shower petals on his head, and where, when the first primrose blossoms, Perilla may remember him, and come to weep over his dust :

Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

He was never married ; he explains over and over again that he values his liberty far too highly to give it into any woman's hands, and lived in the country, as it would seem, with no company save that of an excellent old servant, Prudence Baldwin. In many sweet and sincere verses he gives us a charming picture of the quiet life he led in the Devonshire parsonage that he affected to loathe so much. The village had its rural and semi-pagan customs, that pleased him thoroughly. He loved to see the brown lads and lovely girls, crowned with daffodils and daisies, dancing in the summer evenings in a comely country round ; he delighted in the may-pole, ribanded and garlanded like a thyrsus, reminding his florid fancy of Bacchus and the garden god. There were morris dances at Dean Prior, wakes and quintels ; mummers, too, at Christmas, and quaint revellings on Twelfth Night, with wassail bowls and nut-brown mirth ; and we can imagine with what zeal the good old pagan would encourage these rites against the objections of any roundhead Puritan who might come down with his new-fangled Methodistical notions to trouble the sylvan quiet of Dean Prior. For Herrick the dignity of episcopal authorship had no charm, and thunders of Nonconformity no terror. Busier minds were at this moment occupied with *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and thrilled with *The Sermons of Calamy*. It is delightful to think of Herrick, blissfully unconscious of the tumult of tongues and all the windy war, more occupied with morris dances and barley breaks than with prayer book or psalter. The Revolution must indeed have come upon him unawares.

Herrick allowed himself to write a great deal of nonsense about his many mistresses. It was the false Anacreontic spirit of the day, and a worse offender was in the field, even Abraham Cowley, who, never having had the courage to speak of love to a single woman, was about to publish, in 1648, a circumstantial account of his affairs with more than one-and-twenty mistresses. It is not easy to determine how much of Herrick's gallantry is as imaginary as this. We may dismiss Perilla, Silvia, Anthea, and the rest at once, as airy nothings, whom the poet created for the sake of hanging pretty amorous fancies on their names ; but Julia is not so ephemeral or so easily disposed of. She may well be supposed to have died or passed away before Herrick left Cambridge. All the poet's commentators seem to have forgotten how old he was before he retired to that country vicarage where they rightly enough perceive that the presence of a Julia was impossible. When we recollect that he did not enter holy orders till he was thirty-eight, we may well believe that Julia ruled his youth, and yet admit his distinct statement with regard to his clerical life that

Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

We have a minute chronicle of Julia's looks and ways in the *Hesperides*, and they bear a remarkable air of truth about them. She is presented to us as a buxom person, with black eyes, a double chin, and a strawberry-cream complexion. Her attire, as described by our milliner poet, is in strict accordance with the natural tastes of a woman of this physical nature. She delights in rich silks and deep-coloured satins; on one occasion she wears a dark blue petticoat, starred with gold, on another she ravishes her poet lover by the glitter and vibration of her silks as she takes her stately walks abroad. Her hair, despite her dark eyes, is bright and dewy, and the poet takes a fantastic pleasure in tiring and braiding it. An easy, kindly woman, we picture her ready to submit to the fancies of her lyric lover, pleased to have roses on her head, still more pleased to perfume herself with storax, spikenard, galbanum, and all the other rich gums he loved to smell, dowered with so much refinement of mind as was required to play fairly on the lute, and to govern a wayward poet with tact, not so modest or so sensitive as to resent the grossness of his fancy, yet respectable enough and determined enough to curb his licence at certain times. She bore him one daughter, it seems, to whom he addressed one of his latest poems, and one of his tamest.

But it is time to turn from the poet to his work, from Julia to the *Hesperides* that she inspired. They are songs, children of the West, brought forth in the soft, sweet air of Devonshire. And the poet strikes a key-note with wonderful sureness in the opening couplets of the opening poem:—

I sing of books, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.
I sing of maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.

It would not have been easy to describe more correctly what he does sing of. The book is full of all those pleasant things of spring and summer, full of young love, happy nature, and the joy of mere existence. As far as flowers are concerned, the atmosphere is full of them. One is pelted with roses and daffodils from every page, and no one dares enter the sacred precincts without a crown of blossoms on his hair. Herrick's muse might be that strange Venus of Botticelli's who rises, rosy and dewy, from a sparkling sea, blown at by the little laughing winds, and showered upon with violets and lilies of no earthly growth. He tells us that for years and years his muse was content to stay at home, or, straying from village to village, to pipe to handsome young shepherds and girls of flower-sweet breath, but that at last she became ambitious to try her skill at Court, and so came into print in London. In other words, these little poems circulated widely in manuscript long before they were published. They are not all of the bird and blossom kind, unhappily; the book is fashioned, as we shall presently see, closely upon the model of the epigrams of Martial; and as there the most delicate and jewel-like piece of sentiment rubs shoulders with a coarse and acrid quatrain of satire, so has Herrick

shuffled up odes, epithalamia, epigrams, occasional verses and canzonets, in glorious confusion, without the slightest regard to subject, form, or propriety. There are no less than 1,281 distinct poems in the book, many of them, of course, only two lines long. There are too many "epigrams," as he called them, scraps of impersonal satire in the composition of which he followed Ben Jonson, who had followed Martial. These little couplets and quatrains are generally very gross, very ugly, and very pointless; they have, sometimes, a kind of broad Pantagruelist humour about them which has its merit, but it must be confessed even of these that they greatly spoil the general complexion of the book. More worthy of attention in every way are the erotic lyrical pieces which fortunately abound, and which are unrivalled in our literature for their freshness and tender beauty. They are interpenetrated with strong neo-pagan emotion; had they been written a century earlier they would be called the truest English expression of the passion of the Renaissance. This is, however, what they really are. Late in the day as they made their appearance, they were as truly an expression of the delirious return to the freedom of classical life and enjoyment as the Italian paintings of the fifteenth or the French poetry of the sixteenth century. The tone of the best things in the *Hesperides* is precisely the same as that which permeates the wonderful designs of the *Hypnerotomachia*. In Herrick's poems, as in that mysterious and beautiful romance, the sun shines on a world rearsen to the duty of pleasure; Bacchus rides through the valleys, with his leopards and his maidens and his ivy-rods; loose-draped nymphs, playing on the lyre, bound about the foreheads with vervain and the cool stalks of parsley, fill the silent woods with their melodies and dances; this poet sings of a land where all the men are young and strong, and all the women lovely, where life is only a dream of sweet delights of the bodily senses. The *Hesperides* is an astounding production when one considers when it was written, and how intensely grave the temper of the age had become. But Herrick hated sobriety and gravity, and distinguished very keenly between the earnestness of art and the austerity of religion. Here he lays down his own canons:—

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirits in the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth,
When up the thyse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around, around,
When the rose rains, and locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

At such moments as these Herrick is inspired above a mortal pitch, and listens to the great lyre of Apollo with the rapture of a prophet. From a very interesting poem, called "The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium," we quote a few lines that exemplify at the same moment his

most ideal condition of fancy and the habitual oddities of his style. This is the landscape of the *Hesperides*, the golden isles of Herrick's imagination:—

Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
 Purpling the margents, while perpetual day
 So doubly gilds the air, as that no night
 Can ever rust the enamel of the light.
 Here naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
 Their goals for maidens' kisses, which when done,
 Then unto dancing forth the learned round
 Commixt they meet, with endless roses crowned;
 And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
 Love's chorus led by Cupid.

But although he lived in this ideal scenery, he was not entirely unconscious of what actually lay around him. He was the earliest English poet to see the picturesqueness of homely country life, and all his little landscapes are exquisitely precious. No one has ever known better than Herrick how to seize, without effort and yet to absolute perfection, the pretty points of modern pastoral life. Of all these poems of his none surpasses "*Corinna's going a-Maying*," which has something of Wordsworth's faultless instinct and delicate perception. The picture given here of the slim boys and the girls in green gowns going out-singing into the corridors of blossoming whitethorn, when the morning sky is radiant in all its "fresh-quilted colours," is ravishing, and can only be compared for its peculiar charm with that other where the maidens are seen at sunset, with silvery naked feet and dishevelled hair crowned with honeysuckle, bearing cowslips home in wicket-baskets. Whoever will cast his eye over the pages of the *Hesperides*, will meet with myriads of original and charming passages of this kind:—

Like to a solemn sober stream
 Bankt all with lilies, and the cream
 Of sweetest cowslips filling them,

the "cream of cowslips" being the rich yellow anthers of the water-lilies. Or this, comparing a bride's breath to the faint, sweet odour of the earth:—

A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabbled morn
 Washes the golden ears of corn.

Or this, a sketched interior:—

Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
 Of singing crickets by the fire,
 And the brisk mouse may feed herself with crumbs,
 Till that the green-eyed kiting comes.

Nor did the homeliest details of the household escape him. At Dean Prior his clerical establishment consisted of Prudence Baldwin, his ancient maid, of a cock and hen, a goose, a tame lamb, a cat, a spaniel, and a pet pig, learned enough to drink out of a tankard; and not only did the genial

vicar divide his loving attention between the various members of this happy family, but he was wont, a little wantonly one fears, to gad about to wakes and wassailings, and to increase his popular reputation by showing off his marvellous learning in old rites and ceremonies. These he has described with loving minuteness, and not these only, but even the little arts of cookery do not escape him. Of all his household poems not one is more characteristic and complete than the "Bride-cake," which we remember having had recited to us years ago with immense gusto, at the making of a great pound cake, by a friend now widely enough known as a charming follower of Herrick's poetic craft:—

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake;
Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turned by thee,
Or kiss it, thou, but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice.

There is one very curious omission in all his descriptions of nature, in that his landscapes are without background; he is photographically minute in giving us the features of the brook at our feet, the farmyard and its inmates, the open fireplace and the chimney corner, but there is no trace of anything beyond, and the beautiful distances of Devonshire, the rocky tors, the rugged line of Dartmoor, the glens in the hills—of all these there is not a trace. In this he contrasts curiously with his contemporary William Browne, another Devonshire poet, whose pictures are infinitely vaguer and poorer than Herrick's, but who has more distance, and who succeeds in giving a real notion of Devonian rock and moor, which Herrick never so much as suggests. In short, it may be said, perhaps, that Herrick made for himself an Arcadian world, in the centre of which the ordinary daily life of a country parish went contentedly on, surrounded by an imaginary land of pastoral peace and plenty, such as England can hardly have been then in the eyes of any other mortal, unless in those of the French poet St. Amant, who came over to the Court at Whitehall just before the Rebellion broke out, while Herrick was piping at Dean Prior, and who on his return wrote a wonderfully fulsome ode to their serenest majesties Charles and Mary, in which he took precisely the same view of our island as Herrick did:—

Où, c'est ce pays bienheureux
Qu'avec des regards amoureux
Le reste du monde contemple;
C'est cette île fameuse où tant d'aventuriers
Et tant de beautés sans exemple
Joignirent autrefois les myrtes aux lauriers!

St. Amant lived to alter his opinion, and hurl curses at the unconscious Albion; but to Herrick the change came too late, and when the sunshine ceased to warm him, he simply ceased to sing, as we shall see.

The epithalamium is a form of verse which had a very brief period of existence in England, and which has long been completely extinct. Its theme and manner gave too much opportunity to lavish adulation on the one hand, and unseemly innuendo on the other, to suit the preciser manners of our more reticent age, but it flourished for the brief period contained between 1600 and 1650, and produced some exquisite masterpieces. The "Epithalamion" and "Prothalamion" of Spenser struck the keynote of a fashion that Drayton, Ben Jonson, and others adorned, and of which Herrick was the last and far from the least ardent votary. His confidential muse was delighted at being asked in to arrange the ceremonies of a nuptial feast, and described the bride and her surroundings with a world of pretty extravagance. Every admirer of Herrick should read the "Nuptial Ode on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady." It is admirably fanciful, and put together with consummate skill. It opens with a choral outburst of greeting to the bride:—

What's that we see from far? the spring of day
 Bloom'd from the east, or fair enjewelled May
 Blown out of April? or some new
 Star filled with glory to our view
 Reaching at heaven,
 To add a nobler planet to the seven?

Less and less dazzled, he declares her to be some goddess floating out of Elysium in a cloud of tiffany. She leaves the church treading upon scarlet and amber, and spicing the chafed air with fumes of Paradise. Then they watch her coming towards them down the shining street, whose very pavement breathes out spikenard. But who is this that meets her? Hymen, with his fair white feet, and head with marjoram crowned, who lifts his torch, and, behold, by his side the bridegroom stands, flushed and ardent. Then the maids shower them with shamrock and roses, and so the dreamy verses totter under their load of perfumed words, till they close with a benediction over the new-married couple, and a peal of maiden laughter over love and its flower-like mysteries.

Once more, before we turn to more general matters, there is one section of the *Hesperides* that demands a moment's attention, that, namely, devoted to descriptions of Fairyland and its inhabitants. We have seen that it was, probably, the performance of Ben Jonson's pretty masque of "Oberon" that set Herrick dreaming about that misty land where elves sit eating butterflies' horns round little mushroom tables, or quaff draughts

Of pure seed-pearl of morning dew,
 Brought and besweetened in a blue
 And pregnant violet.

And with him the poetic literature of Fairyland ended. He was its last laureate, for the Puritans thought its rites, though so shadowy, superstitious, and frowned upon their celebration, while the whole temper of the Restoration, gross and dandified at the same time, was foreign to such pure play

of the imagination. But some of the greatest names of the great period had entered its sacred bounds and sung its praises. Shakspeare had done it eternal honour in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Drayton had written an elaborate epic, *The Court of Faerie*. Jonson's friend Bishop Corbet had composed fairy ballads that had much of Herrick's lightness about them. It was these literary traditions that Herrick carried with him into the west; it does not seem that he collected any fresh information about the mushroom world in Devonshire; we read nothing of river-wraiths or pixies in his poems. He adds, however, a great deal of ingenious fancy to the stores he received from his elders, and his fairy-poems, all written in octosyllabic verse, as though forming parts of one projected work, may be read with great interest as a kind of final compendium of all that the poets of the seventeenth century imagined about fairies.

Appended to the *Hesperides*, but bearing date one year earlier, is a little book of poems, similar to these in outward form, but dealing with sacred subjects. Here our pagan priest is seen, despoiled of his vine-wreath and his thyrsus, doing penance in a white sheet, and with a candle in his hand. That rubicund visage, with its sly eye and prodigious jowl, looks ludicrously out of place in the penitential surplice; but he is evidently sincere, though not very deep, in his repentance, and sings hymns of faultless orthodoxy, with a loud and lusty voice, to the old pagan airs. Yet they are not inspiring reading, save where they are least Christian; there is none of the religious passion of Crashaw, burning the weak heart away in a flame of adoration, none of the sweet and sober devotion of Herbert, nothing, indeed, from an ecclesiastical point of view, so good as the best of Vaughan the Silurist; where the *Noble Numbers* are most readable is where they are most secular. One sees the same spirit here as throughout the worldly poems; in a charming little *Ode to Jesus* he wishes the Saviour to be crowned with roses and daffodils, and laid in a neat white osier cradle; in *The Present*, he will take a rose to Christ, and sticking it in His stomach, beg for one "mellifluous kiss." The epigrams of the earlier volume are replaced in the *Noble Numbers* by a series of couplets, attempting to define the nature of God, of which none equals in neatness this, which is the last:—

Of all the good things whatsoe'er we do
God is the 'Αρχή and the Τέλος too.

As might be expected, his religion is as grossly anthropomorphic as it is possible to be. He almost surpasses those mediæval priests of Picardy who brought such waxen images to the Madonna's shrine as no altar had seen since the cult of the Lampsacene, in certain verses on the circumcision, verses that are more revolting in their grossness than any of those erotic poems—

unbaptised rhymes

Writ in my wild unhallowed times—

for which he so ostentatiously demands absolution. It is pleasant to turn

from these to the three or four pieces that are in every way worthy of his genius. Of these the tenderest is the *Thanksgiving*, where he is delightfully confidential about his food, thus :—

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits, that be
Placed there by Thee ;
The worts, the purslain, and the mass
Of water-cress.

'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

And about his house :—

Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small,
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin.

The wild and spirited *Litany* is too well known to be quoted here, but there are two very fine odes in the *Noble Numbers* that are hardly so familiar. One is the "Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter," written in a wonderfully musical and pathetic measure, and full of fine passages, of which this is a fair sample :—

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre !
No boisterous winds or storms come hither
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth, but, like a spri g,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

But beyond question the cleverest and at the same time the most odd poem in the *Noble Numbers* is "The Widow's Tears ; or, Dirge of Dorcas," a lyrical chorus supposed to be wailed out by the widows over the death-bed of Tabitha. The bereaved ladies disgrace themselves, unfortunately, by the greediness of their regrets, dwelling on the loss to them of the bread—"ay ! and the flesh, for and the fish"—that Dorcas was wont to give them ; but the poem has stanzas of marvellous grace and delicacy, and the metre in which it is written is peculiarly sweet. But truly Herrick's forte did not lie in hymn-writing, nor was he able to refrain from egregious errors of taste, whenever he attempted to reduce his laughing features to a proper clerical gravity. Of all his solecisms, however, none is so monstrous as one almost incredible poem "To God," in which he gravely encourages the Divine Being to read his secular poems, assuring Him that

Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
Yet take no tincture from my sinful book.

For unconscious impiety this rivals the famous passage in which Robert Montgomery exhorted God to "pause and think."

We have now rapidly considered the two volumes on which Herrick claims his place among the best English lyrical poets. Had he written twenty instead of two, he could not have impressed his strong poetic individuality more powerfully on our literature than he has done in the *Hesperides*. It is a storehouse of lovely things, full of tiny beauties of varied kind and workmanship, like a box full of all sorts of jewels, ropes of seed pearl, opals set in old-fashioned shifting settings, antique gilt trifles sadly tarnished by time, here a ruby, here an amethyst, and there a stray diamond, priceless and luminous, flashing light from all its facets and dulling the faded jewellery with which it is so promiscuously huddled. What is so very precious about the book is the originality and versatility of the versification. There is nothing too fantastic for the author to attempt, at least; there is one poem written in rhyming triplets, each line having only *two* syllables. There are clear little trills of sudden song, like the lines to the "Lark;" there are chance melodies that seem like mere wantonings of the air upon a wind-harp; there are such harmonious endings as this, "To Music":—

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains,
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light
And take my flight
For heaven.

With such poems as these, and with the delicious songs of so many of Herrick's predecessors and compeers before them, it is inexplicable upon what possible grounds the critics of the eighteenth century can have founded their astonishing dogma that the first master of English versification was Edmund Waller, whose poems, appearing some fifteen years after the *Hesperides*, are chiefly remarkable for their stiff and pedantic movement, and the brazen clang, as of stage armour, of the dreary heroic couplets in which they strut. Where Waller is not stilted he owes his excellence to the very source from which the earlier lyrists took theirs, a study of nature and a free but not licentious use of pure English. But not one of his poems, except "Go, lovely Rose," is worth the slightest of those delicate warbles that Herrick piped out when the sun shone on him and the flowers were fresh.

It is an interesting speculation to consider from what antique sources Herrick, athirst for the pure springs of pagan beauty, drank the deep draughts of his inspiration. Ben Jonson it was, beyond doubt, who first introduced him to the classics, but his mode of accepting the ideas he found there was wholly his own. In the first place, one must contradict a foolish statement that all the editors of Herrick have repeated, sheep-

like, from one another, namely, that Catullus was his great example and model. In the last edition of the *Hesperides* I find the same old blunder: "There is no collection of poetry in our language which more nearly resembles the *Carmina* of Catullus." In reality, it would be difficult to name a lyric poet with whom he has less in common than with the Veronese, whose eagle-flights into the very noonday-depths of passion, swifter than Shelley's, as flaming as Sappho's, have no sort of fellowship with the pipings of our gentle and luxurious babbler by the flowery brooks. In one of his poems, "To Live Merrily," where he addresses the various classical poets, and where, by the way, he tries to work himself into a great exaltation about Catullus, he does not even mention the one that he really took most from of form and colour. No one carefully reading the *Hesperides* can fail to be struck with the extraordinary similarity they bear to the *Epigrams* of Martial, and the parallel will be found to run throughout the writings of the two poets, for good and for bad, the difference being that Herrick is much the more religious pagan of the two, and that he is as much a rural as Martial an urban poet. But in the incessant references to himself and his book, the fondness for gums and spices, the delight in the picturesqueness of private life, the art of making a complete and gem-like poem in the fewest possible lines, the curious mixture of sensitiveness and utter want of sensibility, the trick of writing confidential little poems to all sorts of friends, the tastelessness that mixes up obscene couplets with delicate odes "De Hortis Martialis" or "To Anthes;" in all these and many more qualities one can hardly tell where to look for a literary parallel more complete. As far as I know, Herrick mentions Martial but once, and then very slightly. He was fond of talking about the old poets in his verse, but never with any critical cleverness. The best thing he says about any of them is said of Ovid in a pretty couplet. In a dream he sees Ovid lying at the feet of Corinna, who presses

With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steep
His eyes in dew of kisses while he sleeps.

How much further Herrick's learning proceeded it is difficult to tell. Doubtless he knew some Greek; he mentions Homer and translates from Anacreon. The English poets of that age, learned as many of them were, do not seem to have gone much further than Rome for their inspiration. Chapman is, of course, a great exception. But none of them, as all the great French poets of the Renaissance, went directly to the Anthology, Theocritus and Anacreon. Perhaps Herrick had read the Planudian Anthology; the little piece called "Leander's Obsequies" seems as though it must be a translation of the epigram of Antipater of Thessalonica. Curious to reflect that at the very time that the *Hesperides* was printed, Salmasius, soon to be hunted to death by the implacable hatred of Milton, was carrying about with him in his restless wanderings the MS. of his great discovery, the inestimable Anthology of Constantine Cephalas. One imagines with what sympathetic brotherliness the Vicar of Dean Prior would have gossiped and glowed over the new storehouse of

Greek song. That the French poets of the century before were known to Herrick is to me extremely doubtful. One feels how much there was in such a book as *La Bergerie* of Remy Belleau, in which our poet would have felt the most unfeigned delight, but I find no distinct traces of their style in his; and unless the Parisian editions of the classics influenced him, I cannot think that he brought any honey, poisonous or other, from France. His inspiration was Latin; that of Ronsard and Jodelle essentially Greek. It was the publication of the *Anthology* in 1581, and of Henri Estienne's *Anacreon* in 1554, that really set the Pleiad in movement, and founded *l'école gallo-grecque*. It was the translation of Ovid, Lucan, Seneca, and Virgil that gave English Elizabethan poetry the startword.

To return to Herrick, there is not much more to say. He had sung all the songs he had to sing in 1648, being then fifty-seven years of age. He came up to London when the Puritans ejected him from his living, and seems to have been sprightly enough at first over the pleasant change to London life. Soon, however, bad times came. So many friends were gone; Jonson was dead, and Fletcher; Selden was very old and in disgrace. It was poor work, solacing himself with Sir John Denham, and patronising that precocious lad Charles Cotton; and bye-and-bye the Puritans cut off his fifths, and poor old Herrick is vaguely visible to us in poor lodgings somewhere in Westminster, supported by the charity of relations. In 1660 some one or other graciously recollected him, and he was sent back in his seventieth year to that once detested vicarage in "rocky Devonshire," which must now have seemed a kind asylum for his old age. There is something extremely pathetic in the complete obscurity of the poet's last days. In those troublesome times his poetry, after a slight success, passed completely out of all men's minds. The idiotic Winstanley, in his *Lives of the most Famous English Poets*, written shortly after Herrick's death, says that "but for the interruption of trivial passages, he might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes." This is the last word spoken, as I think, on Herrick, till Mr. Nichols revived his fame in 1796. All we know of his latest years is summed up in one short extract from the church register of Dean Prior. "Robert Herrick, vicker, was buried ye 15th day of October, 1674." By that time a whole new world was formed in poetry. Milton was dead; Wycherley and Dryden were the fashionable poets; Addison and Swift were lately born; next year the *Pilgrim's Progress* was to appear; all things were preparing for that bewigged and bepowdered seventeenth century, with its mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease, its Augustan self-sufficiency, and its horror of nature; and what wonder that no one cared whether Herrick were alive or dead?

E. W. G.

The Talmud.

NONE perhaps among the prophecies of Isaiah seems more satisfactorily fulfilled than that in which, rebuking his people for mere mouth-honour and lip-service of their God, he says, "The wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." The extensive storehouse of Hebrew wisdom and understanding, that "extraordinary monument," as Milman calls it, "of human industry, human intelligence, and human folly," that perfect microcosm, in a word the Talmud, is for by far the greater majority of both Jews and Christians a faded memory, a fountain sealed. Many learned men it is true, from the days of Maimonides to those of Deutsch, have endeavoured to lighten the darkness which broods over this ill-fated book; but such names as Wolf and Bartolucci, Buxtorf and Eisenmenger, are not exactly familiar as household words, nor indeed are the explanations of these scholars clearer without exception than the thing explained.

The evil repute into which the Talmud has fallen is probably owing to two chief causes—its difficulties and its heresies. The Talmudic tongue has of grammar little, if any. Its expressions savour more of the slang of the workshop than of the elegance of the academy. Tradesmen of all guilds have contributed to the traditional tales and popular proverbs with which it teems. Its peculiar lexicon, entitled *Aruch*, or "set in order," by the Rabbi Nathan, the son of Jechiel, is scarcely better known than the time and family of its author. It is a mere conjecture that he was ruler of the synagogue at Rome in the eleventh century. Even the erudite Lightfoot was in his expositions occasionally driven to despair: "What all this means it is impossible to imagine, scarcely possible to imagine what any part of it means, nor is an *Œdipus* here to solve the doubt." For its heresies it has been characterized by Christian writers as "false, fatuous, and fabulous." "There are four books," says Whately in his sermons on Bacon's texts, "which contain perhaps as much absurd trash as any in existence, which yet no educated man ought to be wholly unacquainted with." In Bacon's own words they are to be tasted, not swallowed. These books are the Koran, the Mishna, the Spurious Gospels, and the Toldoth Jesu, or Generations of Jesus.

A few words about this last and its writer. It is not perhaps generally known that it is one of the books which excited the good Wagenseil's indignation in his *Tela Ignea Satana*. Its author was a Bohemian Jew, called Chaiim or Joachim, who was converted to Christianity and baptized Ferdinand Francis. Soon after his conversion, he stole—being, as

Wagenseil says, "unable to dig, and to beg ashamed!" He was condemned to be hanged in the fish-market at Vienna, and in due order received the Holy Sacrament. A Jesuit stood by, and, with a view of consolation, put a crucifix in his hands. The condemned asked if there was any earthly hope. The Jesuit answered there was none. Then the condemned threw the crucifix on the stone floor of the fish-market, and smashed it, and told the people present that he had only adopted the Christian faith for reasons of political convenience. The horrified Jesuit reminded him that he had just partaken of the Holy Eucharist. "Into my mouth," he replied; "but thence immediately into my handkerchief, and thence"—elsewhere. "Search," he added, "and you shall find." Subsequent investigation proved his assertion correct. The Jews suffered; their shops were pillaged, and themselves stoned and wounded, their money taken from them, and their rings together with their fingers, if they could not be taken without. The hapless Ferdinand Francis had pieces pinched out of him with tongs at a white heat, was drawn through the town tied to a horse's tail, and had his tongue amputated. He was roasted before a slow fire, and a couple of fierce dogs one on each side tore him from time to time. "Yet," says the good though naturally indignant Wagenseil, "not one cry of pain was uttered by this '*fur, trifur, trifurcifer*.'" He only muttered his father's prayers, and when his right hand was hewn off said it deserved such pain for having subscribed the Christian faith. As long as life lasted he beat his bosom with that maimed hand, and cried as well as his mutilated tongue would let him *תהי מימתי כפרתי*—'May my death be the expiation of my conversion!' His ashes were cast into the Danube, 26th August, 1642, and a brazen tablet tells the wanderer in the fish-market how all this was done to the greater honour and glory of God.

What is the Talmud? asked Deutsch. What is Truth? said jesting Pilate, and waited not for an answer, expecting probably never to hear one on all sides satisfactory. It would be saying little, and yet a little which involves much, to describe the Talmud as a pandect of all Hebrew laws, human and divine, civil and canon, as a document holding the mind and heart, the hopes and fears, the errors and sufferings, the goodness and greatness of Israel for some eight hundred years. Composed by the people it tells the story of thirty generations of their stormy life. It is a wild wood in which whisper the echoes of many varied voices—the voice of the charcoal burner and the voice of the chief of the synagogue, the voice of the shoemaker and the voice of the scribe, the voice of the carpenter and the voice of the casuist. It is a mirror dimly reflecting, and from a distance, the ancient attitudes of many diverse minds. It is a very republic of literature, a *table d'hôte* for all. The work wanders at its own sweet will from myth to morality, from legend to logic, from religion to reason, from earth to heaven. It passes from action to repose, from repose to action; from earnest to jest, and from jest to earnest. It is like a battle-field, at one time the scene of sanguinary slaughter, at another of festive truce and joyful amnesty. It is an April day of sunshine and of

cloud. Withal a Cyclopean work, an immense *olla podrida* of law, medicine, astronomy, mathematics, and metaphysics. But the spell of the evil eye is on it. It is to all, save a very few, dumb. *Lupus vidit prior*. Teeming with high and holy aspirations which touch, as Deutsch has musically expressed it, the "divine chord" in our hearts, it is yet for the world at large a Sphinx with frozen lips of stone. This, notwithstanding its historic merit, for it tells of the inner manners and customs of a generation which possessed, at all events when the Talmud was written, a mode of existence peculiarly its own. Notwithstanding its legal merit, for it contains juridical observations of the loftiest wisdom, and discussions which reveal the deepest sense of law. Notwithstanding its merit of acute and subtle dialectic, for a part of it is a very intellectual *palastra* for discursive wits and larger understandings. With all this it cannot be denied that it contains certain *anstössige Stellen*. Yet these, considering its size, are not nearly so numerous in the Talmud as in Lucian or Quevedo, in Catullus or Voltaire. Frequently too the ingenuity of commentators has found offence where there was none. These, too often contenting themselves with an exclusive contemplation of that varied veil of Oriental fable, full of the bold coarse colours which alone are able to attract the attention of the vulgar, have failed to notice the nice esoteric elegance behind it, with which alone the author intended to entertain the wise. The *liber damnabilis*, as it has been called by more Popes than the fourth Honorius, may be horrid without in its presentment of gargoyles of *hydras*, harpies, and chimæras dire, but it holds many a fair and holy saint within.

We may listen if we like to melancholy music through the jingling of the fool's cap and bells. The same book which shows us the Shamir and the magic Kamiah—of both of which more by and by—shows us also the moral maxims of Jehudah and Hillel. We have bran in the Mishna, but much more of the finest flour; we have straw in the garner of the Gemara, but much more of teeming grain. Even were the bad in the Talmud far greater than the good, yet were it wise to cast away the large putrid oyster which may contain a tiny pearl, or to despise the ponderous ore in which we see, or dream we see, some glitter of gold? Nor is it with books as it is with bread, that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump; one mangy sheep infects not a flock, nor after the Rabbinic adage does a little lot of bitterness ruin a large lot of honey.*

In the present paper flowers and weeds have been gathered indiscriminately. Tares and wheat are bound in one bundle. Most books contain both, and it would be unfair to make up a sample sheaf or bouquet of either exclusively. As specimens of Shakspeare's style we should give the porter's speech in *Macbeth* *pace* Coleridge, as well as Hamlet's soliloquy; and, before we can form an idea of the merit of Dante, we must see the fair pictures of Francesca and Beatrice, as well as the dark portraits of the unhappy Barbariccia and the mangled Muhammad.

The word "Talmud" means simply "doctrine." There are two Talmuds, or rather Gemaras, of Babylon and of Jerusalem. The latter is held the less worthy. The Talmud *par excellence* is that of Babylon. The dates of both are uncertain. Each Talmud is divided into Mishna and Gemara. The former is the oral as opposed to the Mikra or written law. It is called by the Jews "the law whose master is the mouth." As the Mriti to the Vedas, as the Sunnah to the Koran, as the common to the statute law, so is the Mishna to the Pentateuch. It is literally interpreted *verbalis* by St. Austin, and its complementary character is well expressed by the *revelations* of Wolf. The Gemara, or supplement, contains Rabbinical arguments about the Mishna. It is a scholion and an expansion. In the two Talmuds the Gemaras alone differ; in neither are they complete.

Hillel, the second Ezra, a contemporary of Christ, born at Babylon, first endeavoured to arrange the floating chaotic mass of Hebrew tradition. To him is due the honour of having first thrown the thread of classification into its murky labyrinth. But he was rather a parturient than a parent. He died and left his work undone. Akiba next tried his hand, the second Moses, and a Tanaite (scribe or lawyer) in the days of Titus. He passed forty years in merchandise, forty in legal study, and forty in school at Jamnia near Joppa. He is credited with the authorship of the famous Jetzira, and was called the "padlocked repository" on account of his large learning. His labours were interrupted by his being combed to bits with an iron comb by order of Adrian. He was opposed to capital punishment. The day of his death is said to have been the birthday of Jehudah, the saint or prince, the foster brother of Antoninus Pius, and, if we may believe Rambam, the phoenix of his age. To him we owe the Talmud as it now is. His syntagma, says Rambam, was intended to oppose "the kingdom of wickedness"—by which he means Christianity. The Gemara of Jerusalem was added in the second, that of Babylon in the fifth century.

The Rabbin say the Mikra was written to preserve the mysteries in its letters, and that the Mishna was unwritten lest it should be corrupted. Some go so far as to assert, and with considerable asperity maintain, that the respective deliveries of the written and unwritten laws were the only means by which Moses, surrounded by the thick darkness on the mount, could distinguish between evening and morning. The oral law was communicated by night, and the commencement of the doctrine of the written law denoted the dawn of day. The legislator's prolonged excursion was owing to the difficulty he experienced in his evening lessons.

The Talmud is divided into six Sedarim (orders), each of these into Massecoth (embroidery frames), varying from seven to twelve, and each of these into Perakim (paragraphs). These last are named, like the statutes, from the words which commence them. The first order is entitled Seeds. It treats, generally, of agrarian laws, priestly revenue from field produce, and prohibited mixtures in plants, animals, and garments. The second

order, called Feasts, speaks of sabbaths and holy days, work prohibited, ceremonies, and sacrifices. The third, called Women, discusses betrothal, marriage, and divorce. The fourth, Damages, civil and criminal law, idolatry, and the sentences of the fathers. The fifth, Sacred Things, the first-born, and the measurements of a temple which Maimonides expected to see in vain. The sixth, Purifications, various levitical and hygienic laws and supposed impurities. The first four orders are from Exodus, the others from Leviticus.

In the embroidery frames under the first order we find such variously coloured subjects as blessings, under which is disputed whether a man may pray riding on a donkey, and the fashion of saying grace when ten thousand sit down at once; the rights of the poor, more especially in those little corners of the fields which were not to be wholly reaped in harvest time; the seventh, or sabbatic year; cakes of the first of the dough for heave offerings, which the women threw into the fire, or carved with certain cabballistic characters, considering they would go far to extinguish a burning house or hayrick; and fruits of newly planted trees not to be eaten for three years, and by the priest only on the fourth. In the embroidery frames under Feasts we are introduced to the ingenious theological fiction of the Reshuth, by which one might extend a Sabbath day's journey of two thousand paces into as many million. The embroidery frames under Women treat of the obligation to marry a brother's childless widow, of the subjection of feminine vows to masculine alteration, and of adultery. Those under Damages comprise the three gates, so called from these being the venue of the administration of justice, and various punishments. Particular rules for killing sacrificial beasts, and the results of killing them when unconsecrated, are shown in the embroidery frames under Sacred Things. Lastly, under Purifications we read much about various defilements from the dead, lepers, reptiles, and from certain other causes, written in such plain terms as show that the Rabbinic language, like the Latin, *dans les mots*, as Boileau says, *brave l'honnêteté*.

We learn some curious lessons in the Talmud about the duty of marrying the wife of a brother dead without issue. The familiar story of Ruth's marriage with Boaz is thus interestingly illustrated. The woman is to make the proposal. The liquor which she shall spit in the face of him that refuses her, after loosing his shoe from off his foot, is to be pure spittle, without any admixture of blood. This deposit is to be inspected by the judges. The shoe must be of leather, or wood covered with leather. If made of linen the whole proceeding is void. Another man's shoe, or the right shoe on the left foot or the left on the right, does not invalidate the ceremony, nor too large a shoe so long as the levir can walk in it, nor too small a shoe so long as the greater part of the foot be covered. If the woman loose the shoe and spit, but read not the sentence, "So shall it be done to that man that will not build up his brother's house," the thing is lawful; but if she read and spit, and omit to loose the shoe, the whole is null. If she read and loose the shoe, but refrain from spitting, there is a

diversity of opinion. R. Eliezer, not the least amongst the commentators, whom Abarbanel has not hesitated to call "the Divine," is distinctly of opinion that it is unlawful. R. Akiba is of a contrary opinion. With regard to the degree of evidence sufficient to prove the husband's death, it is determined that the witnesses must have seen his nose, all marks on his body or garments notwithstanding. The inspection must be within three days of the death, as after that time the countenance may be changed. The witnesses must not testify of his death till his breath be flown, not even though they saw a wild beast eating him. If the wild beast, however, be eating his brain or the flesh of his heart, then the spectator may bear witness of his death. If one falls into waters with or without an end, his wife is prohibited. In this rule waters with an end mean those in a well or cistern in which a man can behold the sides; but waters without an end those where no sides can be seen. R. Jehudah said a child must be believed when it says, "I have come from mourning and burying N. or M.," and is a good witness, though the young one may have been engaged in the interment of an ant or a locust to which it had given the name of N. or M.

Virgins, we read, are to be married on the fourth day of the week, widows on the fifth. A virgin's portion was two hundred pieces, that of other women one hundred. This might be increased, but not diminished. Seduction of an unbetrothed virgin was rated by Moses at fifty shekels of silver, with marriage of the woman seduced. If a man chose to pay more he became the object of public commendation. The usufruct of all the wife's goods is in the husband, nor can he renounce it. A girl's vow only binds her when her father hears it, and by his silence gives consent. So a husband may disallow his wife's vow, should it seem inexpedient to him. This is good encouragement to that speedy oblivion of vows which originated the Rabbinic proverb, "In the time of trouble, a vow; but in the time of respiration, haste." The violation of common charity and the fifth commandment by the pretext of Korban is as abundantly illustrated in the order of Women, as are the practice of making long prayers and subtleties of tithing, and the cleansing of the outside of the platter under other orders. The school of Hillel—whose disputes with the rival school of Shammai made, as the Rabbin say, two laws of one—allowed the divorce of a wife if she over-salted or over-roasted her husband's dinner; and Akiba ventured to affirm that if a man saw a woman prettier than his own wife he might put her away, because it is said (Deut. xxiv. 1) if she "find no favour in his eyes." In a word, the opinions of the majority of the Rabbin concerning marriage seem to have been as free as those celebrated ones of Cato, whose friendship for Hortensius extended *usque ad aras*, and a little beyond.

It would be a sacrilege to pass over the sentences of the fathers, those threaded pearls many of which serve to show that the moral precepts of the Gospel were, as Renan tells us, current coin of the synagogue. Hillel said, "Who multiplies children multiplies worms, who multiplies

riches multiplies sorrow, who multiplies wives multiplies witches, who multiplies maidservants multiplies wickednesses, who multiplies learning multiplies life." "Be not like servants, serving God for hire." "In a doubtful matter, abstain." "Consider three things and you will not transgress—an eye sees you, an ear hears you, and all your acts are recorded." "Do not say, I will learn when I have time; it may be you will never have time." "He who multiplies words with a woman causes evil for himself; his end shall be in hell." R. Tarpon—perhaps the Tryphon against whom Justin Martyr disputed—said, "The day is short, but the labour is long; the reward is large, but the labourers are lazy, and the master urges." R. Dosa said, "Morning slumber and midday wine, idle conversation and commerce with the ignorant, destroy a man." R. Jannæus said, "It is not for us to explain the tranquillity of the impious nor the tribulation of the just." R. Matthias said, "Be the lion's tail rather than the fox's head." R. Jacob said, "This world is but an entrance hall to the next. Prepare yourself in the passage for the parlour." The Rabbi (Jehudah) said, "Consider not the cask, but its contents; for a new cask often contains old wine, while an old cask sometimes contains not even new." "Those who sit before wise men are of four kinds—sponges, clepsydras, strainers, and sieves. The sponge sucks up and retains every liquid alike, the clepsydra takes in and lets out, the strainer retains the dregs and lets out the wine, the sieve lets out the husk and retains the grain." R. Simeon said, "Talk is not the root, but deed." Two other aphorisms, attributed to Hillel, are, perhaps, the best of those in this division of the Talmud. They are, "Trust not in yourself till your death," and "Judge another when thou art in his place."

There is no room here for the excellent sayings of the Egyptian Maimonides, the famous Rambam, from whom most of the information which we possess concerning the subject of this article has been inherited. "From Moses to Moses," say the Jews, "there never was another Moses;" or from the time of the received author of the Pentateuch to that of Moses, the son of Maimon, there was never any like this commentator in learning.

Like the tabernacle of Moses, the Talmud has three veils. Behind the first is the porch, the Halaca, or moral direction. "He who denies his disciple an Halaca," says the Sanhedrim, "the embryos in his mother's bowels shall curse him." Such was the sentence of R. Chasida, one learned in these matters, in the Hebrew idiom, "a child of traditions;" but R. Jehudah contented himself with saying that a refusal to any one of an Halaca was as that of his inheritance. The Talmudic Dictionary reminds us of Tennyson's description of the Sangraal, when it defines Halaca as "A thing which goes and comes from the beginning to the end." The words of the wise, which were likened by the preacher to "goads and nails fixed by masters of assemblies," are probably these Halacas. They contain specimens of Hebrew dialectic, which as little as the words of some Jews of later time bear out the assertion of Adam Clarke, conceived in these

carefully distinguished and philosophic terms: "The Jews have ever been the most puerile, absurd, and ridiculous reasoners in the world, always excepting, of course," adds the reverend writer by a lucky afterthought, "the inspired writers."

Behind the second veil is the Holy Place, the Agada. This is a short, pleasant, historical or theological disquisition, *eine kurzweilige Rede*, as it is defined by Buxtorf, who explains Halaca by *Endurtheil*. Heine, in his *Romancero*, following the unerring instinct of the poet, has given some remarkable information about the Talmud. He is pleased to call the Agada a garden, and the Halaca a fighting school. It is probably true, as Deutsch observed, that he had never read a word of either. The Agada is a strange *pot pourri* of legend, rhetoric, and philosophy. It infuses, says one who knew it well, doubt and solicitude into the mind by its secret sense.

Behind the third and last veil is the Holy of Holies, the Cabbala or book on traditions. This is a treatise on transcendental metaphysics, the mother of magic and mediæval alchemy. It is divided into four parts, figurative, speculative, practical, and dogmatic, and has been frequently confused, owing to its ancient importance, with the whole Talmud. A similar kind of synecdoche has substituted in the writings of Milman the Mishna for the Talmud, of which we know the Mishna is but a part. "The Cabbala of the afflicted," say the Rabbin, "is silence and petition for pity," a sentence which probably often enough presented itself to those unhappy Jews who once suffered such cruel persecution at the hands of their Christian brethren.

Tosephoth (additions) was the name given to the sentences added by the Rabbin to the Gemara. An example of them may be found under the second order of Feasts in the embroidery frame of the Passover attached to the fourth paragraph. It is about six actions of King Hezekiah. Three of these, it informs us, are to be generally commended; but three abused by everybody. One of the three acts deserving approbation was his breaking his father's bones on his bier; but his breaking the doors of the Temple, and sending them to the King of Assyria, was one which incurred universal condemnation. The Amoraim were the commentators subsequent to Jehudah, the saint. Scaliger called them the sophists of the Talmud. They were succeeded by the Seburaim or opiners, to borrow a word from Jeremy Taylor. These seem to have lived for discussion alone, and to have been blown about with every wind of doctrine. Some of their conjectural excursions on the Mishnaïoth are unusually extraordinary. The Babylonish Gemara was completed during their reign.

The numerous commentaries are supported by a Rabbinic saying, "The law has seventy faces;" * or every word, as the Rabbin explain it, proceeding from the mouth of God, is susceptible of that number of meanings. The number seventy is, of course, as indefinite as the Sanskrit Koti, when it is said, "There are three hundred millions of Hindu gods."

שבעים פנים יש לחורה * שבעים פנים יש לחורה

It is to this opinion that we are indebted for those many Midrashim or allegorical commentaries, of which a single example is here offered.

There is a touching passage in the book of Psalms—all the more affecting for its mysterious wording—a passage which few sincere Christians can read without tears, in which David, who has evidently been lately suffering some serious distress, prays to be saved from the lion's mouth, "for," says he, "thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." Now here the difficulty, of course, lies in the unexpected introduction of the unicorns. Adam Clarke satisfies himself with saying that the Psalmist alludes to the Gentiles. Not so Rab Huna in the Midrash Tehillim, who thus explains the passage literally without recourse to allegorical exegesis. When David was feeding sheep he found one day an unicorn sleeping in the desert. He took him for a high hill, and ascending pastured his flock. The beast, after a while, awoke, rose, and David, rising with him, touched the heavens with his hand. Then said the son of Jesse in this unexpected emergency, "If the Lord will help me down from this unicorn, I will build him a house of a hundred cubits, the size of this animal's horn." Some say he measured its width, others its length. Plenary agreement on any subject in this world seems impossible. What occurred? a lion came. The unicorn crouched in fear, and David descended. Then he became anxious about the lion, and it was on this occasion or soon after it that the affecting lines above alluded to were composed.

Many of these Midrashim, says Aben Ezra, are sublime riddles, secrets as high as heaven; others refresh hearts desponding in religious difficulties, others strengthen the weak and fill the empty. For the Scriptures are as bodies to which the Midrashim are as clothes, some subtle as silk, and others coarse as sackcloth. The Rabbinical apophthegm has indeed the support of no less a saint than Augustin, who says somewhere in his *Confessions* that the senses of Holy Writ are very many and various, warning his readers against that interpretation of the letter which kills, while it is the spirit alone that giveth life. Such an interpretation he calls *miserabilis animæ servitus*, a wretched servitude of the soul, which is content with sign for substance, and only suited to him who cannot raise his mind's eyes above the corporeal creature to gaze upon the incorporeal and sempiternal light.

"The name of the Talmud," says Deutsch, "is beginning to take its place among the household words of Europe." It is a fine sentence, and it is indeed possible that the name may be assuming this position; but to infer from that a general intelligence of aught connected with the Talmud, except its name, would be as rash as a presumption of a knowledge of Christianity from the perpetual presence on the parlour table of the family Bible; nay, Deutsch himself, in another part of his excellent article in the *Quarterly*, expresses his own private convictions that the people at large conceive, with that erudite Capucin friar, Henricus Segnensis, that the Talmud is not a book but a man—and a Rabbi to boot! "*Ut narrat Rabbinus Talmud*," says Segnensis, and triumphantly clinches his argu-

ment. It is for all the world like that parish priest who took Aristotle's *Organ* to be an ancient musical instrument.

Would that Deutsch's observation reflected a fact that the Talmud was not now entirely neglected; that it was among the household words of Europe in some other sense than that in which it is said "a man's enemies are those of his own house!" But, alas! *testa diu servabit odorem*, and many a Christian fly has caused the sweet ointments of the Jewish apothecaries to stink. The Talmud has been proscribed, cursed, imprisoned, and burnt by bull, anathema, edict, and bonfire, from the time of the interdictory *novella* of Justinian to one later than we care to mention. It is not often that such a man arises as Erasmus or Renschlin, the restorer of classical Greek in Germany, who thought it right to reverence a book "written by Christ's nearest relations;" who not only thought so, but dared to say so, and was called a renegade and a Jew in consequence.

It is sufficient to be persecuted to be bad. Most assuredly has the unfortunate Talmud had its full share of persecution. Set between the two fires of ignorance and fanaticism, edition after edition has been burnt to such an extent that it seems wonderful that a little yet remains. *Habent sua fata libelli*. But it has suffered a still greater indignity. As early as the third edition, at Basle, in 1578, that "amazing creature" the Censor appeared, zealous to protect Christianity from a bitter bad book. Therefore whenever he found a Roman swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter, the Censor, fearing a hidden allusion to the Vatican or the Pope, made that Roman swear, regardless alike of context and consequences, by the chief city in Persia, or the god of Babylon. So in the old play, *Manlius*, —Valerius Maximus was apparently mistaken in crediting Curtius with the exploit—about to cast himself into the chasm at Rome, is made to ejaculate, "Gentle Jesus, where am I going?" Whenever the Censor met with a Gentile, fearing lest a Christian might be understood, he changed him, without more ado, into an Amalekite, an Arab, or a Negro. Herculean attempts have indeed been made in later editions of the Talmud to cleanse what the reckless folly of a foreign faith has turned into an Angean stable, just as translations of this great work have also been projected; but in both cases the labour has been too much or the lucre too little, for both have remained intellectual torsoes for succeeding time.

Scholars, too, were not behindhand in casting their stone. "*Sit modus*," cried the indignant Isaac Vossius, "*ineptiendi, et cessent tandem aliquando miseri Christiani Judaicis istiusmodi fidere fabellis!*" Let poor Christians at length cease from playing the fool, and trusting to such wretched Jewish fables as those contained in the Talmud! Against it even the venerable Jerome has not hesitated to lift up his holy heel. The Mishna, he says, in his epistle to Algasia, is full of *aniles fabulae*, old wives' tales; but he gives not a single sample, having regard to the magnitude of the book and his own natural modesty. What would the saint have said, could he have heard Oakley, the Arabic professor at

Cambridge, longing for an opportunity to go through the New Testament, under the guidance of a Jew? Or the learned Lightfoot, describing the Talmud, that book of old wives' tales, as a fair city full of figures in shining raiment; a garden in which to cull varied flowers still sparkling with the very dews of Eden?

Lightfoot says Vossius would have sinned less by illustrating the Evangelists from the Koran than from these *nebula Rabbinica*. The good Isaac also maintained that Christ spoke Greek. The Mishna is, beyond doubt, an authentic code of the traditions of the Jews who lived in the time of Christ. Being the voice of a nation rather than that of an individual, there is less likelihood of error in its description of the Jewish customs of that period. For this and for other reasons it seems to have more authority than Philo Judeus or Josephus, and the Christian writers who lived much later. Josephus, indeed, is notoriously biassed by his desire to please the Romans, and his fear of their ridicule. To this cause may be attributed the little notice he takes of the Sabbatical regulations, a subject to which one whole treatise is devoted in the Talmud.

The Sabbath was a well-known topic of heathen railery. The *Recutita Sabbata* of Persius and the *cophinus fenumque* of Juvenal show it as a subject of Roman mirth. Nor were the minute regulations of the Jews concerning its proper observance at all likely to lessen the laughter of their careless conquerors. A few of these rules are quoted, that the reader may judge: No man might put into his mouth a peppercorn as an antidote to a foul breath, nor a grain of salt as a sedative to a raging tooth; as to the insertion of a false tooth, the learned disagree.—A woman not lighting her Sabbath lamp will die in childbirth.—R. Eliezer let out his cow with a rope between her horns, but the wise men did not approve of it.—Whether a cripple may go out with his wooden leg is doubtful; R. Meir thinks it a necessary part of dressing, but R. Jose is of a contrary opinion.—The masters enumerate forty, save one, of the masters of works—that is, of principal works—which, done on the Sabbath, involve sin. Here are a few of them: Breaking two threads; tying or untying; killing a roebuck, salting do.; writing two letters; and beating with a hammer.—He that plucks a flower from a pot with a hole in it, is guilty; otherwise, if the pot has no hole.—A man may not go out of doors with nailed wooden sandals, nor with one only unless he has a sore foot, nor with phylacteries, nor with an amulet, unless proven, nor with a coat of mail, nor with iron greaves. With regard to the prohibition of nailed wooden sandals, the Talmudists say that once on a time, during a certain persecution—the story has about it that clearly-defined accuracy of detail which is the distinctive mark of sacred legend—a company of men thus shod met in a cave for devotional purposes. Hearing a noise in the dark, they deemed the enemy were upon them. On this they rose with one accord, and plucking their shoes from off their feet, smote each other, with good-will but guessingly, till all gave up the ghost. We must suppose that on any other day than the Sabbath there would be no likelihood of the

occurrence of such a sad religious sedition. Phylacteries were not to be worn, because there was no need to remind one of the law on the Sabbath. A proven amulet was one which had effected three cures; it might be worn probably as of much sacred influence. The armour was a burden on a day when there was no necessity for it, and so forbidden. But in all these cases the masters absolve a man from sin. A poor person might have none but nailed sandals, and some might think *abundans cautela non nocet* in the case of the phylacteries.

The Jews esteem the Talmud of at least equal authority with the Bible. The learned among them read it, not only for example of life and instruction of manners, as we Christians are wont in our hours of leisure to read the Apocrypha, but it behoves it also to establish, as we have seen, a large amount of doctrine. Indeed the Jews think the Mishna better than the Bible, and the Gemara better than the Mishna. They have a couple of well-worn sayings: "The Mikra is water, the Mishna wine, and the Gemara honeyed wine;" and "The Law is salt, the Mishna pepper, and the Gemara perfume."

The collateral exegetic importance of the Talmud is as remarkable as the neglect into which it has fallen. It is nearly identical in its ethics with the New Testament. Both books were written among Jews, by Jews, for Jews. Both in the New and Old Testaments a great deal might by its assistance be better understood; and in the New Testament its corrective is a chief part of its practical value, of which Christ gave a proof in his command to his disciples, when speaking of the Scribes and Pharisees as Moses' successors, to observe and do all that their representatives bid them. He orders his disciples to observe their precept, but not follow their example. Though the Scribes and Pharisees, like other religious instructors of that and other time, said but did not, binding burdens on others' backs which they would not themselves touch with one of their fingers, yet we learn from Demai, which treats of the tithing of doubtful things, or things of which the right to a tithe was doubtful, that they were certainly justified in their payment of tithes of mint, anise, and cumin.

There is a command in the Mikra, the exact etymological equivalent of the Koran, concerning dwelling in booths for seven days—an imitation perhaps of a feast of Bacchus to which Plutarch refers in his *Symposium*. The auxiliary and supplementary teaching of the Talmud explains that this command has no reference to travellers, women, or sick folk; that the booths are not to be covered with linen, flannel, or silk; that their dimensions are not to exceed a certain standard, and many other matters about which there is not an iota of information in the written law. Every command in the Pentateuch is after a similar fashion considered in the Talmud, furnished in fact with its proper interpretation, which Moses received in the midst of the fire on Sinai. Such interpretations have been the Jews' chief shelter from those great religious convulsions which have caused such sad but fashionable schisms in other forms of faith. They have gone far to defend them from those minor religious and therefore

rancorous disagreements which prevail, and have prevailed, to such an alarming extent, and to such open disadvantage of public peace, even among members of the same minor sects, the vast numbers of which in Christianity induced, as we are aware, the kind-hearted philosopher of Ferney to wonder why there were none in mathematics. The due observance of Sunday is not as yet uniformly settled by the Christian. We have no Mishna to define "necessary work"—none to satisfy our natural solicitude concerning the exact meaning of the phrase, "keeping the Sabbath day holy." Therefore the most widely different and curious conceptions prevail on this most interesting and important topic. Some think hot meat unholy, looking on the warming of it as an unnecessary work; but even these are inconsistent in this their scrupulosity, for who among them can patiently put up with a cold potato? Others eat hot meat on Saturday and Sunday alike with pagan indifference. Hence arise family feuds. But neither any other question nor the question of cooking, which alone has converted the Christian Sunday into a battle-field, can ever discompose the calm serenity of the Sabbath of the Jew.

We turn over the leaves of the Talmud at haphazard, and come upon words and voices to soften sorrows and mitigate disease. Such inscribed on a piece of paper or parchment at certain times and bound to the neck or breast formed the celebrated Kamiah, or amulet. For the assistance and cure of men, says Josephus, God enabled Solomon to learn the skill which expels demons, and to compose incantations by which distempers are alleviated. There is a story of a certain Eleazar who applied a ring containing a magic root to the face of a demoniac. The evil spirit was drawn out by this through the patient's nostrils. The demon was of course invisible, but proofs of his presence were not wanting. A cup of water was set at a convenient distance, and the devil was commanded to upset it, which he incontinently did. For the cure of the bite of a mad dog the word Candy was used, carved on the skin of a male basilisk. Certain precautions being properly taken, this receipt is sure.

It is a trite truth that so long as the world has lasted, it has been divided, generally, into two great classes of fools and knaves, and the former, a mighty majority, have always been the food of the latter. Eusebius, in his entertaining chapter on the *Theology of the Phœnicians*, interpreting Sanchoniatho, ascribes the invention of charms for poisonous bites to the Cabiri, who no doubt netted a considerable profit from this piece of priestly cunning. The Vedas teem with sentences which are endowed by sacerdotal duplicity with remedial virtues, and sold by brazen-faced Brahmins to their ignorant countrymen, who repeat them without comprehending or caring to comprehend their significance. Such blind superstition is happily scarcely intelligible in a Christian country.

In the evening twilight of the vigil of the Sabbath, ten things, say the Rabbin, were created: The mouth in the earth which swallowed Cora, the mouth of the well out of which the Israelites drank, and the mouth of Balaam's ass, the rainbow, manna, Moses' rod and his sepulchre, the

Mazzikim or evil demons whose whole study is the destruction of men, Abraham's ram and the tongs with which the first pair of tongs was made; also the shamir. Now the shamir was a worm about the size of a barley-corn, by the strength of whose teeth the stones used in the Temple were hewn out of the mountain and squared. It was owing to the disinterested assistance of this beast that neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron was heard in the building of the house. "Silently like a dream the fabric rose," as the bard observes. This same invaluable monster it is said saved Moses a lapidary's labour in the manufacture of the ephod. How was it originally discovered? It was bootless to ask the devils. But Asmodeus their king was wont to come to a mountain daily where he dug a well, and having filled it with water, and covered it with a stone, and sealed the stone with his ring, so returned. Asmodeus was also accustomed to dispute twice every day, once in the Academy of Heaven, and once in that of Earth. After the latter occasion, being fatigued by speaking, he went always to drink of his well. Now one was sent with a fetter on which the sacred name was written, and skins of wine. Another well was dug and filled with this wine, while Asmodeus' well was drained by digging one lower down, and stopped up with sand so that he might not recognise it. Asmodeus came. Reflecting that wine is a mocker and strong drink raging, he said, "I will abstain;" nevertheless his thirst overcame him, and he drank till he became drunk. Then the one sent for that purpose bound him with the fetter, and led him away captive. Since he uprooted several trees by scratching his back against them, one observant old lady, the proprietress of a small messuage and its appurtenances, besought him not to scratch himself against her cottage, to which petition the demon was graciously pleased to accord assent. Being brought before Solomon, he told him that the shamir was under the charge of a great wild cock, who was bound by an oath not to let it go out of his possession. The nest of the cock was searched for, and found to contain a young brood. This was covered with a glass, that the cock might see but not salute his children. The cock came, and in sheer despair placed the shamir on the glass. The shamir was secured, and the cock went and strangled himself because of his oath. Another account says, that the shamir was brought direct from paradise by an eagle. It was preserved in a leaden chest in bran, and disappeared on the destruction of the Temple.

Four entered paradise, says the Talmud, in Chagigah, while yet alive. By paradise the Jews understood a place destined for the everlasting happiness of the good, and it was accordingly used in that sense by Christ in his address to the thief. In the passage quoted from Chagigah the word is interpreted metaphorically of spiritual knowledge by the authors of the Tosephoth, who say the four did not really enter, but seemed to themselves to enter. So the Cabbalists explain entering paradise by having an exact intelligence of the four senses of Scripture, the four first letters of the Hebrew words for which make up the Hebrew word for paradise. These senses are the literal, the refined (often to such an

extent that none of the original substance remains); the allegorical, and the secret.* The names of the four were Ben Azai, Ben Zuma, Ben Abuyah (called Acher after his defection), and R. Akiba, with whom the reader is already acquainted. Akiba said to the rest, "When you come near stones of pure marble say not 'water! water!' that is, the waters prevent our passage. He made this observation to prevent their incurring the guilt of falsehood. The catastrophe was, however, unfortunate. Ben Azai gazed too curiously, and died. Ben Zuma did likewise, and went mad. Ben Abuyah, the Talmudic Faust, destroyed the young plants, became a heretic, and taught Manichæism. The remainder of his story is prettily told by Deutsch. R. Akiba went forth again from paradise in peace, and was the only one of the four to be congratulated on the success of the expedition.

Sabbatheon is the name of that remarkable river beyond which dwell the ten captive tribes. It is in some places sixty, in some two hundred cubits broad, and its water-shed is in the Garden of Eden. For six days it rushes forward with irresistible fury, such indeed as would suffice to uproot mountains of iron if any opposed it. Its roar is that of an earthquake, or the breath of a storm at sea, and can be heard at night at the distance of a day's journey. Rolling along instead of water huge rocks in waves of sand, it rests on the seventh day, when the Jews may not by their law attempt to cross it. Hence its name, and it is frequently quoted in support of the fourth commandment. This is the Talmudic interpretation of that mystic river of Gozan—that crux of the first magnitude for biblical commentators—unto whose bordering cities, Halah and Habor, Israel was carried captive by Shalmaneser, the Assyrian king, in the ninth year of Hosea's reign. Some guessing interpreters have not hesitated to say that this Gozan is the Ganges. Pliny seems to refer to this magic torrent when he says shortly "*In Judæa rivus Sabbatis omnibus siccatur.*" He makes a very natural mistake about its geographical position, which Josephus describes with judicious accuracy. It flows between Aræa, he says, a city of the kingdom of Agrippa, and Raphanæ. Yet it is not to be found in modern or ancient maps. Its peculiarity, however, according to the latter historian, is exactly the reverse of the Talmudic account. For six days it leaves a dry channel to the view, on the seventh as if nothing unusual had happened it flows, and is very exact in the observance of this order. Some add that fire is lighted along its banks when it ceases to flow, in case any Jew should be tempted to disobey the law. None can approach within half a mile of this fire. It is like the great gulf fixed between heaven and hell. The Jews can pass over to none, and none can pass over to the Jews. Here therefore the lost tribes dwell with their cattle, shearing their sheep by the river side, in a land without noxious herb or any nettle or piercing thorn.

"At the feast of Purim," it is written in Megillah, "a man is bound

to become so drunk as not to know the difference between cursed is Haman and blessed is Mordecai." Once Rabba and R. Zira made their Purim entertainment together. When Rabba was well drunk he arose and killed R. Zira. On the following day Rabba repented, prayed for mercy, and restored Zira to life. Next year Rabba said, "Let us make our Purim together." But the resuscitated R. Zira, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "Miracles don't happen every day."

Here is an account of an incident which befell Abba Saul in his capacity of a gravedigger, and which may be said to border on the miraculous. In the Gemara on Nidda or purification we read that Saul, when interring the dead, had one day to pursue a gazelle. The Gemara does not, however, explain the connection between gazelle-hunting and the digging of a grave. Following the gazelle, he entered the hollow of the hip bone of a dead man, and ran after it in that bone for three miles, and yet reached neither the beast nor the end of the bone. Saul returned disheartened, and was told that the bone was of Og, king of Basan. Nor is this all. On another day, being engaged in gravedigging as before, a pit yawned beneath him, and suddenly he found himself standing up to his nostrils in the socket of a dead man's eye. He returned (*sic*) and was told it was the eye of Absalom; and, continues Abba Saul, evidently anticipating the carping sceptical spirit of a later age, "Perhaps you would say A. Saul was a little man? He was the tallest in his generation."

Ten measures of talk, say the masters, came down to the world. Women received nine measures, and the rest of the world one measure. Ten measures of sleep came down, of which servants received nine. Three things have been affirmed about nail-parings. He that burns them is pious, he that neglects them wicked, he that throws them in the highway his blood shall be upon his head, for a pregnant woman may pass over them and miscarry.

Whoever wishes to possess evidence of the existence of devils says Beracoth or Blessings: let him take sifted cinders and strew them before his bed, and in the early dawn he will behold the traces of cocks' claws. But he who desires to see devils must take the after-birth of a black cat, the first-born daughter of a black cat, herself the daughter of a black and first-born, and burn it and sprinkle his eyes with the ashes. He shall see devils. To prevent their stealing, he must shut them up in an iron reed sealed with an iron ring—the reader will remember the dread of this metal in the Arabic devils—and their mouths must also be sealed, lest they do him an injury. "Very simple devils," says a rationalistic German on this passage, "who suffer themselves to be caged in such a manner!" R. Huna shared the opinion of Milton that a thousand spiritual creatures walk this earth unseen. He says the want of room at a sermon is caused by them; they wear out the preacher's clothes, and the bruising of legs is also the effect of their agency.

In the matter of devils the fancy of the Hebrews, as of the Indians and Arabs, is very prolific. Among these unclean spirits, the powers of

the air and rulers of the darkness of this world, are the Shedim, whose chief delight is to destroy and lay waste the works of the children of men. To these the Israelites sacrificed in the wilderness. There are also the Zaphrin akin to the Satyrs, or the spectres of the dawn; the Tallanin akin to the Lemures, the spectres of shadowy night; and the Tiharin, the spectres of sunny mid-day. The exact conceptions of the Jews about demons present a clear contrast to the undefined ideas of Christian orthodoxy on the same subject. In three respects all devils, say the Talmudists, are like angels, and in three like men. They have wings, fly from one end of the world to the other, and are acquainted with futurity like angels; and like men they eat, have children, and die. A great number of devils were at first intended for men, but there was no time to provide them with bodies owing to the proximity of the Sabbath. Also Adam begot devils, when, after eating the forbidden fruit, he suffered excommunication for one hundred and thirty years. This is a commentary on the sacred text which tells us that Adam having lived one hundred and thirty years begot a son in his own likeness after his image, and called his name Seth. The mother of these devils was not Eve, but Lilith. Eve also, however, with the assistance of Samael, the angel of death, who came to visit her on that old serpent as big as a camel, was not behind her husband in the work of diabolic generation.

About Lilith a pretty tale is told. The Jews, especially in Germany, are wont, following their ancient traditions, to write with chalk on the four walls of the room in which one of their women is lying parturient these words: "Let Adam and Eve be here, but let Lilith remain outside."* They add the names of the spirits presiding over medicine, Senoi, Sansenoi, and Sammangeloph. In these names the letters "g" and "n" should be marked with commas thus " which the Cabbalists call crowns or helmets, to render the charm more effectual. Now in the ancient book of Ben Syra it is said that Nebuchadnezzar, on one occasion seeing these names written on parchment, asked their meaning. R. Eliezer replied and told Lilith's story. She was Adam's first wife, like a bird with the fair evil face of a woman. Immediately on her creation and introduction to our first parent, the two began to fight. She said, "I will not give way." Adam said likewise. Lilith said, "We are equal, being formed of the same clay." An argument, by the way, for the superiority of Eve, who was not so formed. In short, neither would obey the other. Then Lilith uttered the holy name† and fled away through the air. On Adam's supplication three angels were sent to bring her back. These three were Senoi, Sansenoi, and Sammangeloph. They found her amidst the mighty waters of the Red Sea, in which long after Busiris and his Memphian chivalry left their floating carcasses and broken chariot-wheels, and said, "If you will return, well; if not, a hundred of your children shall die daily." Lilith, with more than half a woman's tenderness, and with all a

* אדם הוא חזן לילית

† שם המפורש

woman's obstinacy, naturally preferred the latter alternative. The celestial messengers in divine indignation sought to drown her; but she cried, "Suffer me to depart, for I am created but for the destruction of children." She had power over them for eight days if male, but if female for twenty. Then the angels made her swear by the name of the living God that as often as she should see them or their names or pictures inscribed on amulets, a babe should be spared. So far Ben Syra. Lilith, according to this story, bears some similitude to the Latin Strix, which indeed is an interpretation of her name. We well remember these Striges, the greedy birds which bore down uninvited upon the banquet of Phineus, fouling his feast and putting his guests in fear. Bigheaded, with projecting eyes and hoary feathers, their talons are armed with hooks. Flying by night they mangle the milky bodies of little babies left crying and alone in their cradles by the reckless nurse. Their cruel beaks dive deep into the tender bowels, and their long lean throats are delighted with the bubbling blood.

The Rabbin have a somewhat recondite proverb, which they use to diminish, if possible, man's vanity. "Cæcilia was created before you; Yattush was created before you."* In Cæcilia, the readers of Columella will recognise the blind-worm; as for Yattush, it is one of those five weak things which the Talmudists say are a terror to the strong. It is variously interpreted as a fly or a gnat. It is the name of the beast which punished Titus after the siege of Jerusalem. Entering through his nostrils, for seven years it worked its way into his brain. One day the persecuted prince passed before a blacksmith's door. Yattush, hearing the voice of the anvil, struck work for the time. Titus said, "I have discovered a remedy." Daily he caused the blacksmith to smite the anvil before him. Ben Aruba says, "I was at Rome after the emperor's death. When they had opened his brain, they found in it a thing like a domestic fowl, a swallow, about the weight of two shekels. Its beak was brazen, and it had claws of steel."

There is a certain bone called Luz (an almond or hazel nut) in the human body, the last little almond-shaped bone of the vertebræ, which, according to Talmudic lore, cannot be burnt or suffer corruption in the grave. Through it the whole system will be re-formed at the resurrection of the dead. This Luz, which is to leaven the whole lump, is watered with the dew of heaven. The Emperor Adrian—may his bones be broken! charitably asks the apologist—on a day in course of conversation with Bar Chanina, inquired, "How will men be re-formed at the resurrection?" "From the spinal bone, Luz," responded the Rabbi. Adrian said, "How can you tell?" The Rabbi produced a Luz and immersed it in water; it was not wetted; then he set it successively in a fire, in a mortar, and on an anvil; but it was neither burnt, ground, nor broken, though in the last proof the anvil was itself destroyed. Luz is also called, for a peculiar reason, "a spoonful of rottenness."†

* שלשל סדמך יתוש קדמך

† תרור רעב

After the chosen people of the Lord have been collected from the four corners of the earth, the Temple rebuilt, and the Holy City restored to its early splendour, a most sumptuous banquet will be got ready, consisting of three courses of fish, flesh, and fowl, and the wine list will be of the wines of paradise.

Now the fish is that crooked serpent, Leviathan. On the fifth day of the creation this monster was made, male and female; but the latter was afterwards killed, lest the whole wide world should not be large enough for themselves and their family. The female is now in pickle, and set apart for the feast. Out of her skin of dazzling splendour are to be made amulets, tabernacles, necklaces, and umbrellas. The male is of enormous magnitude, the hugest of God's works that swim the ocean stream.

R. Siphra says that one day, while sailing, he saw a fish holding above the water a head adorned with horns, on which were inscribed the words, "I am the smallest creature in the sea."* The fish was, nevertheless, three hundred leagues in length (doubtless, the sceptical reader will remark, the original sea serpent), and entered the mouth of Leviathan, to be his dinner for that single day. *Ex pede Herculem*. The benevolent and self-sacrificing beast is, says another Rabbi, the horned goat of the sea, which searches out all things. Notwithstanding the gigantic bulk of the Leviathan, he is not, as one might conceive, coarse for eating. Against him angels cannot prevail, and he esteems of catapults as of stubble. His wrath makes the ocean a pot of ointment, and behind him the deep grows hoary. Out of the pupil of one of his eyes can be extracted three hundred casks of oil. They are full of incandescent light. Once R. Eliezer was asleep in a ship, and R. Joshua on the watch. Suddenly R. Joshua, by his excessive trembling, aroused his companion, who asked the cause of his excitement. Joshua replied, "I have seen the larger light in the sea." Eliezer observed, "Be of good cheer, you have probably seen the eyes of Leviathan. Is it not written 'His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning?'" The story of the strange monster in Milton—he is not a whale, as some suggest, for he has a scaly rind, nor is he a crocodile, for he slumbers on the Norway foam—by whose side, under the lee, the pilot (as seamen tell) moors his small night-foundered skiff, is not unlike, possibly borrowed from, that of R. Chanina. "Once," says that Rabbi, "when ploughing the sea, we saw a fish with a sandy soil on his back, out of which reeds grew. Conceiving it to be an island, we disembarked and lit a fire, and set on our pots with meat to boil. In no long time the back of the beast waxed warm. He turned; and had we not been quick in leaping back into our bark, beyond doubt we had all been drowned." Such is Leviathan, the first course, and the angel Gabriel will in due time put a hook into his nose. *Hebraei, says Bochart, saepe mendaces, in hoc argumento potissimum mentiuntur liberalissimè.*

The second course of the faithful will be Behemoth, called by the Rabbin "the ox of the wood."* To the taste it will be, in spite of its antiquity, as the tenderest veal. Two of these, as of the Leviathan, originally existed—cattle pasturing on a thousand hills, of which the grass is every night renewed—but for similar reasons the female was destroyed. She was not, however, salted, inasmuch as, the Rabbin explain, pickled veal is not a delicacy. The connection of salt with fish is insisted on in the Baba Bathra (Third Gate), where it is written, "They call salt a fish's brother, since both proceed from the sea."†

But the last course is the solitary or, as it may be called, the unique sparrow.‡ The Chaldee paraphrast explains the Talmudic as a cock of the woods,§ whose spurs are fixed in earth and whose crest reaches heaven. R. Chanina, above quoted, who seems to have attained a perfect intrepidity in lying, has a relation concerning the sparrow also. "Once on a time when we were in a ship, we beheld a bird which stood up to its ankles in the water, with its head hid in the clouds. Then we said, 'It may be the water here is not deep; let us therefore bathe.' But we heard an echo (the daughter of a voice, literally) falling from the firmament and crying, 'Beware, for here fell the carpenter's axe, come seven years, and has not yet found the bottom, not because of the depth of the waters, but because of their swiftness.'" R. Ashai says this was the solitary sparrow, whose expanded pinions eclipse the sun. How is the sparrow to be cooked? No spit will be large enough, yet it is known that all birds are better roasted. "A chicken," says our homely culinary rhyme, "boiled, is a chicken spoiled." But, say the Rabbin, by a singular privilege the solitary sparrow will be better boiled. They say, moreover, that it has various flavours, deducing this peculiarity etymologically from its name. This unique bird is also called Bar Yuchni.** It is not inferior in size to the other dishes. One of its eggs having once by some unfortunate casualty fallen from its nest, it dashed to pieces three hundred vast cedars, and drowned with its contents sixty villages. The reader will of course compare this bird with Sindbad's roc. Bread, the staff of life, will not be wanting at this festival in the Messiah's world. On the top of the mountains corn shall flourish in size as a couple of backs of big oxen, and a wind brought out of heaven's treasury shall shake the fruit like Lebanon, and separate the husk from the grain; and bruising the latter like a mill, all the mountains shall be made white with the finest flour. Of this a man shall help himself in handfuls *à discretion*, and sustain himself and his family with what the holy Bible calls the "fat of kidneys of wheat," a beautiful metaphor which, says Adam Clarke, with his accustomed modesty, has escaped the notice of every commentator but myself. As to wine, of both white and red, there shall be good store—a single pip shall fill a ship or a waggon, and shall contain thirty vats

בזרא מליחא מעלי בשרא מליחא לא מעלי † שור הבר *
 בר יוכני ** חרנוול ברא § וז שדי ‡

of the pure blood of the grape. Nor shall there be a want of dessert; a peach shall fill a measure capable of containing seven hundred and twenty eggs.

But it is time to conclude this paper, and we would fain allow a sweeter chord than these wild Rabbinical fancies to echo the last. We have heard already, in the sentences of the fathers, many moral airs; let us add to these a few others, written here and there in the Talmud's numerous pages. "Three virtues will be especially proclaimed in heaven—the virtue of a young man who lives pure in a large city, the virtue of a poor man who restores a lost treasure, the virtue of a rich man who gives without ostentation." "Every sin is allied to ignorance." "Never cast a stone into a well out of which you have once drunk." "Who cares not for the sick is all one with a murderer." "He who lent money should try not to meet him to whom he has lent it." "The house which opens not to the poor will open to the physician." "It is," says Gittin, "a duty to support and protect the poor of other nations as well as those of Israel," a doctrine which Sir Moses Montefiore has not left unobserved. There is almost an excess of charity in Kiddushim, where we are told a servant should be treated as oneself, with the same kind of table, of food, of bed; not the lord to be on a soft bed, but the servant on one of straw; not the lord to eat delicate dishes, but coarse food to be given to the servant. "A camel dances in a pint pot," is a proverb to reprehend exaggeration. Of the uncertainty of life they say, "Many old camels carry to market the skins of young ones," as the German *Die Alten begraben oft ihre Jungen*. Of respect to instructors: "He who learns of another a single letter should for that letter respect him." Maimonides says, "If a man's father and his Rabbi have both lost something, the man should first seek that lost by the Rabbi." So a Rabbi is to be redeemed from slavery before a parent; for a parent is only responsible for his child's body, but the Rabbi is responsible for his mind. Among those things which bring old age into the world is the phlebotomist Pharisee,* the *Blind schleicher*, as Buxtorf happily calls him. The term is applied to those who, out of egregious chastity, walk with half-shut eyes lest by chance they should look on a woman and long after her, and so run full against a wall, and retire, alas! no wiser, with bruised and bleeding brows. "Go down the ladder," it is written in Nashim, "to choose a wife; go up the ladder to choose a friend." So Juvenal *Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives*. It is also gallantly written, "A garland of roses for a girl, and of nettles for an old woman."

There are eight things which in a great degree are troublesome, but in a small degree delightful. They are—Walking, love, work, wine, sleep, hot water, riches, and bleeding. Lest the tired reader should be tempted to add to these "speech," a colophon is here fixed to this contribution to the literature of the Talmud.

Czerny George.

TOWARDS the close of the eighteenth century Serbia and its 800,000 Rayahs had sunk into semi-barbarism. The country, though as large as Scotland, was traversed by but a single road. A few pedlars sufficed for the distribution of its scanty imports, and its exports were limited to herds of swine. Like all countries where there is little to be stolen, Serbia was prolific of robbers; every district having its band, led by a "gentle thief," possessing most of the qualities which tradition ascribes to Robin Hood. They levied black-mail systematically, and were greatly given to bullying and abduction. But being always fiercely at war with the Turkish oppressor, and regarded therefore as national champions, the peccadilloes of the Heyducs, as they were called, were generally overlooked by their admiring countrymen. Drovers, pedlars, and highwaymen occupy no high position in refined communities, but in Serbia they were the only men of standing and intelligence, supplying every one of the leaders in the revolution. That revolution originated as follows:—

The Spahis, or landowners, and the Janissaries, or garrison, of Serbia, had long been at feud: after a protracted contest, many vicissitudes, and not a little bloodshed, the former were expelled, and the Janissaries proceeded to establish themselves over the country after the manner of the Egyptian Memlouks. The change of masters was not beneficial to the Rayahs. The Spahis, most of whom had contrived to render their property hereditary, were lenient to their tenants. On the other hand, the Janissaries were mere adventurers, and their natural inclination for tyranny was not moderated by the knowledge that all through the contest the Rayahs had given their sympathies, and occasionally much useful aid, to the Spahis. Within a few months of the establishment of the new *régime* a petition reached Constantinople in which the Rayahs apprised the Sultan that, unless their new masters were somewhat restrained, his petitioners, being too dutiful to entertain a thought of rebellion, would be driven to wholesale suicide! This rather extravagant memorial was favourably received. The Sultan, however, being shrewdly pressed by the Janissaries of the capital, had no force to spare for the coercion of those of Serbia, so he sent the latter a formidable firman. In highly poetical, but rather obscure terms, he threatened to hand over the Servian tyrants to the vengeance of the Giaours. As no particular race of Giaours was mentioned, the four agas of Belgrade made up their minds that the Sultan contemplated arming the Rayahs and letting them loose upon them. All things considered, such a course was not at all improbable; and the agas determined to take timely precautions against it. The firman reached them towards the end of January 1804, and early in February

they issued in arms from their fortresses, seizing and slaying the principal men among the Rayahs. The news of these doings outpaced the murderers, and many of the intended victims escaped. Still the slaughter was hideous, nor did report diminish it. It was declared and believed that the Janissaries intended to exterminate the Christians, who took to the hills in crowds. And with them went various Spahis, who had been lurking about in disguise. In a couple of weeks the plains were cleared of dangerous characters. Then, conceiving that there was no further cause for apprehension, the Janissaries relaxed into that careless licentiousness which was their normal state.

A tempest, however, was brewing out of sight among the mountains. Agents of revolt—some Spahis, others Austrians and Russians—went quietly to and fro up there. Many of them displayed letters from the Sultan, exhorting the Rayahs to resist. And between them a conspiracy was set on foot that expanded with lightning speed. It was duly organized. Every village had its captain, and each of the three great districts into which the country is divided by the rivers Morava and Kolubarra, its commander-in-chief. Jacob Nenandovitch, a swineherd of repute, had no rival for the chieftaincy of the west; and Milenko and Dobrenyatz, a pair of popular pedlars, were raised by acclamation to the leadership of the east. But in the Shumadia, or centre, which was by far the largest section, the conspiracy had rather more difficulty in finding a suitable head. There were many good men therein, but not one of commanding fame. A meeting therefore of the notabilities of the Shumadia was held in a ruined church, which stood secure from the swoop of the Janissaries in the depth of a forest. It was a midnight meeting, of course, and what with the old walls, the starry sky, the wild scenery, and the wilder men, sufficiently picturesque. One half of the company was composed of Heyducs, and all armed to the teeth. Here a civilian was proposed as leader, to be rejected by the Heyducs. The Heyduc nominee was in like manner set aside by the civilians; and there was every prospect of a dangerous rupture between the parties, when Theodosi, a shrewd peasant, suggested a means by which both might be satisfied. Theodosi, being an orator made a neat and characteristic speech, which, in English, would run as follows:—

“Fellow countrymen, why should we break each other's heads about this business? Our gallant friends, the Heyducs, desire to have a Heyduc for commander-in-chief, which is very proper. And our estimable friends, the drovers and pedlars, are anxious that one of themselves may obtain the appointment, which is also very proper. Now there is nothing in the world to prevent us from gratifying our valiant friends the Heyducs, and our highly respectable friends the traders, at the same time. On that side of ‘the house’ I see many arrant thieves, who were once on a time tolerably honest men; and on this side I see many tolerably honest men, who were formerly very great rogues. Here, for instance, is a valued friend of mine, who though now a steady swine-dealer, yet not long ago,

as most of you know, roved the hills an accomplished Heyduc. He is strong of body, fleet of limb, a dab at a bargain, a first-rate marksman, and A 1 at a fight. Let us make my friend chief!"

"Huzza! huzza! yes, yes!" yelled the assembly; and thus the command of the Shumadia, which meant that of all Serbia, was conferred on Czerny George.

Who was Czerny George? The question is easier asked than answered. The most reliable tradition says that his mother, a village beauty, marched away with an Arnaut during the war of 1768, and that she returned four or five years afterwards with the arms of the said Arnaut, who had been slain in a squabble at Viddin, a bag of piastres, and a sturdy boy. The piastres procured her a husband in the person of one Petroni, a flourishing swine-merchant. As for the boy—who was called Czerny, or black, as much on account of his gloomy disposition as because of his swarthy complexion—he was Arnaut all over. Previous to 1804, he had been once an Austrian soldier, repeatedly a Heyduc, and half-a-dozen times a homicide,—conspicuous among his victims being his unfortunate step-father, Petroni.

The Servian insurrection burst forth everywhere on the 23rd of April, which is the fête of that swine-keeping saint George, the patron of this swine-breeding land. At dawn the Heyducs poured down from the rocks, and the peasants took weapons and joined them. The villages and open towns were easily seized. Before night fell, all but the fortresses, which were tenanted exclusively by Turks, was in the possession of the patriots. Much bloodshed followed. The Janissaries who were captured were slaughtered; so also were the officials which they had appointed. In both cases much atrocious cruelty was indulged in. And with the oppressors perished not a few good Servians; for, as usual on such occasions, private vengeance took ample advantage of the tumult. The Servian chiefs did not rest content with this success, but marched with suitable forces to invest the strongholds. Here the Janissaries formed but an isolated fraction of the population; and an isolated fraction their assailants took care that they should remain,—giving out that their plan was limited to the expulsion of the said Janissaries from the land, and that for this they had the full approval of the Sultan. This everybody believed; for the Servians were accompanied by a good many Spahis and one or two Mollahs. The Moslems, therefore, who did not belong to the fighting fraternity, at once assumed a neutrality, from which they did not swerve until the Rayahs were proclaimed rebels by the Porte.

Beyond the Kolubarra, Jacob Nenandovitch mustered a great mob round Shavatz; Milenko and his comrade made a show of blockading Poscharavatz, which lies east of the Morava; and Czerny George encamped before Belgrade, the renowned capital of the Shumadia and of Serbia. In these towns, particularly the last, the Janissaries were still formidable; for they had a great number of desperadoes in pay. And they had good reason to expect speedy and powerful aid from their friends in Bosnia,

and from Pasvan Oglon, the ruler of Viddin. The former were first in the field. Ali, a great Bosnian bey, collected 500 men, and hastened to relieve Shavatz. Such was his opinion of the Rayahs, that he considered this handful sufficient to quell the revolt. His followers, too, were as presumptuous—each considering himself a match for at least fifty Servians. And master and men looked forward to gathering much substantial glory, that is to say, plunder.

Nenandovitch, who had timely notice of Ali's design, marched to the Drin, threw up an entrenchment across the road, and thronged it with Rayahs, who ranted to any extent, and dared the Bosnians to come on. The Bosnians did come on, and no sooner did they appear than the Servians ran helter-skelter from the work to the neighbouring hills. The Turks took possession of the abandoned redoubt, burning a good deal of powder very uselessly as they did so, and made themselves very jolly therein during the night. Next morning they mustered in the highest spirits and prepared to march out. But no sooner did the head of their column show beyond the work than a hail of bullets smote it down, and the main body retreated in amazement, which soon expanded to dismay. Again and again did they try to get out, but always with the same result. The peasants held every path in overwhelming force. And every man among them carried a broad plank, pointed at one end, which he planted in the earth, and from behind which, in those days of smooth-bores, he took aim with impunity. Finding that he could neither advance nor retreat, nor yet prolong his resistance, for he was unprovided to stand a siege, Ali capitulated—the terms being that he should return to Bosnia, and take no further part in the strife. These terms were broken almost as soon as made. No sooner was Ali well out of the earthwork and fairly enveloped by their masses, than the Servians pretended to recognize certain Janissaries among his men, and fell upon them. The result was that Ali and a dozen or so of his attendants were all that returned to Bosnia.

Nenandovitch resumed his blockade, and aided something by a field-piece which he had purchased from the Austrians, reduced Shavatz to the verge of surrender in three or four days. Then he was interrupted by a leading Janissary, who came up from Bosnia with a thousand followers. Nenandovitch would not interrupt the siege by withdrawing any considerable force therefrom. For the present he thought it would suffice to bar the march of the new comers. Selecting 200 Heyducs, all prime marksmen, he led them to a convent commanding a defile through which the foe must pass. But here he met with a singular obstacle. As proud in their way as the German knights who would not pay their low-born antagonists at Bouvines the compliment of mounting to meet them, the Heyducs refused to fight mewed up behind stone walls "like so many women." They did not object, however, to hold a neighbouring eminence, and here Nenandovitch left these chivalrous vagabonds. The Janissaries came on and surrounded the hill. The Heyducs defended it

like heroes until their ammunition was spent. Then, assailed on all sides and fighting desperately to the last, they were all slain—but not until they had struck down thrice the number of their foe. The latter, appalled by their disastrous triumph, retreated in haste, and Shavatz surrendered. Nenandovitch stripped the Janissaries to their turbans, murdered the more obnoxious, turned the rest out of the country, and allowed the other Turks to retain the town.

Meanwhile Guschanz Ali, one of Pavan Oglon's lieutenants, had entered Belgrade, by way of the Danube, with 2,000 choice marauders at his back. Belgrade was now far too strong for Czerny George, so the latter abandoned it for the time, and marched with Nenandovitch to the aid of Milenko. Poscharavatz soon yielded to the combined attack, and then the whole Servian force concentrated before the capital. Here they were joined by Beker, Pacha of Bosnia, at the head of 3,000 men. He had just received orders from Constantinople to march into Servia, banish the Janissaries, and restore peace. For the Divan, though rejoicing in the success of the Rayahs, had no wish that the latter should retain the lead in the struggle to the end. Great was Beker's astonishment, and not less his indignation, at what he saw before Belgrade. The Rayahs were no longer a cringing crowd, but warriors glittering in Turkish spoil, exulting in their victories, and presuming even to dispute the *pas* with the very best of the Pacha's followers. Nor was this all. From the centre of the camp floated the banner of Koortshia, a noted Heyduc, on whose head the Turkish authorities had placed a heavy price. Beker gazed on this abomination of desolation, and tears filled his eyes. "Has my beard whitened," exclaimed he, sadly, "only that I might see at last a robber's banner unfurled!"

The Pacha's arrival completed the discomfiture of the Janissaries. Guschanz Ali and the other mercenaries were not prepared as yet to resist a pacha, and gave their employers to understand that they must not count on them. Seeing that all was lost, the four agas collected their treasures and fled down the Danube to Orsova. Guschanz Ali then retreated with a good deal of plunder to the citadel, and continued to hold the latter as a pledge for the payment of himself and his mercenaries, while the town opened its gates to Beker. As for the four agas, Milenko and a chosen band was dispatched to Orsova with an order from the Pacha for the delivery of the fugitives in the name of the Sultan. The governor of Orsova obeyed in characteristic form. Concealing the arrival of the messengers, he gave a feast to the agas, who were slain in the midst of their revelry. He then seized their wealth, while Milenko carried their heads to Belgrade. There Beker stuck the four heads on poles in sight of the whole camp. "Now," said he to the Rayah, "you are avenged. Lay down your arms, then, and disperse to your fields and your flocks."

The Servians did not lay down their arms. The idea of disarmament was simply odious to the chiefs, who were intoxicated with power, and, what they liked even better, its attendant pomp. Like the agas, they

had invested their persons with all sorts of glittering finery, and like them, too, surrounded themselves with troops of devoted braves, called Momkes. They were not the men to give up all this, and sink down again to their ancient level. What! descend to follow a herd of porkers after swaggering in front of an army; to measure ells of cloth after setting squadrons in the field; and to haggle and chaffer about pennyworths with the multitude over which they had so recently exercised boundless authority! Cincinnatus might have done such a thing, but then he was a highly-trained spirit, while these peasants were mere "flesh and blood," and mere flesh and blood was never yet capable of any such self-sacrifice.

The Servian people were just as reluctant to obey the Pacha as their leader. Nothing short of virtual independence would now satisfy them. Both chiefs and followers, however, were shrewd enough to conceal their aspirations, and clever enough to adduce very plausible pretexts for the course they were determined to take. They pointed to the citadel of Belgrade, still held by Guschanz Ali; to the strongholds of the southern frontier, where the Janissaries were assembling in force; and to the state of the country, which would require months to settle. They preferred a claim for compensation for their losses and expenses in conducting "the Sultan's war" to a satisfactory close. Finally, they declared that they could do nothing until the return of their ambassadors from Russia. These arguments were strong, especially the last, which was altogether unexpected, for the embassy had been so quietly managed that Beker received the first news of it from the Servians themselves. To increase the bewilderment of the Pacha they got up various little broils, which none but themselves could put down. Koortshia, whose banner had proved such an eyesore to the Turks, was here turned to good account. His brother chiefs intimated that there was an excellent field for the display of his peculiar qualities beyond the Drin, and the Heyduc immediately got up a very pretty insurrection in that quarter. Of course the instigators disclaimed all knowledge of the enterprise, and showed themselves properly indignant. In proof of their good faith they volunteered to put down the Heyduc themselves. The task was entrusted to Nenandovitch, who invited Koortshia to an amicable conference and murdered him. In this way, according to their own version of a universal proverb, the Servians managed "to throttle two wolves with one noose," for the robber had by this time become intolerable to themselves. Thus the year wore on, every day strengthening the reluctance of the Servians to lay down their weapons and their power to retain them.

Simultaneous with the departure of the envoys, Czerny George and Nenandovitch marched to expel the Janissaries from the two chief fortresses of the south. Each of these chiefs had a couple of field-guns, which were his own private property. Nenandovitch assailed Usitza, in a hilly country where a piece of artillery had never before been seen, and the garrison actually sent him twenty of their elders with a flag of truce, just to ascertain whether his guns were really what he announced, or

merely "quakers." Jacob soon satisfied them on this point. He allowed the deputation to handle the engines, and then he flung a few round shot into the town. Being constructed for the most part of wood, it was not calculated to bear much battering. So, seeing strong symptoms of mutiny around them, the Janissaries mounted and galloped through one gate, while Jacob and his men entered at another.

Czerny George was no less successful on his side. Karanovatz, however, was far more formidable than Usitz, and the garrison, which was not quite so unsophisticated in the matter of artillery, defended it much better. Czerny George battered it for half a day, and then attempted to storm. The Janissaries beat him back with loss, and following up their success with a sally, captured his biggest gun. But George, who knew how to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's tail, happened just then to be negotiating with the Pacha of Novibazar, whom he actually induced to exercise his superior authority over the Janissaries and expel them from Karanovatz. He was thus enabled to return to Belgrade, not indeed with as much renown as his rival, but still with the honours of war.

Matters did not progress quite so smoothly at Constantinople, where a strong reaction had set in against the reforming mania of the Sultan. There the cause of the Janissaries was embraced by the all-powerful ulemas, the Servian envoys were dismissed in disgrace, and Hafiz, Pacha of Nissa, was commanded to muster his fighting men and restore the old *régime*. Hafiz took the field in a space marvellously short for a Turk. His movement however had lost its greatest, that is to say, its moral terrors, in the eyes of the Servians weeks before he appeared. The government cunningly announced that he was restricted to 300 men, and that it would be lawful to oppose him should he advance with a larger number. Thus the Rayahs, who as yet were loyal to the Sultan, and would have shrunk from opposing an army that marched in his name, were induced to resist the Pacha of Nissa. A means was also found to keep Guschanz Ali quiet in the citadel until the fray was over. A proclamation was forged, in which terrible things were threatened against the mercenaries of Oglo, and communicated to the object. "Very well," said he, "drive Hafiz out of the country. I shall not interfere." Everybody knew that Guschanz Ali, however unscrupulous in other respects, had that scrupulous respect for his word which characterizes a Turk of the good old school, so the Servians felt themselves at full liberty to direct all their strength against the coming invasion. The eastern and central sections of the country were those immediately threatened by it. The road from Nissa to Belgrade—running here through the valley of the upper Morava—skirts the eastern section for many a mile, and then crosses the Morava to enter the Shumadia. In front of the river Milenko and his comrade threw up a double entrenchment, which they occupied with 2,500 men; and some twenty miles in their rear Czerny George took post with 5,000 more. When the Pacha came up, Milenko sent to request that he would take another way. "What!" cried Hafiz, "allow robbers to dictate my

path!" Then he gave the word for the assault. The Servians resisted long and well, but the first entrenchment was carried, and a dubious fight raged round the second, when George came up. Thereupon the Turks, who had lost heavily, drew back and lighted their fires as if to bivouac for the night, which was then closing round. But when day broke and the Servians prepared to resume the action, the Turkish army was out of sight on the road to Nissa, where Hafiz died shortly afterwards of vexation.

This victory gave a new aspect to affairs. It was no longer a strife of factions, but unmistakable rebellion. The Turks, hitherto neutral, took arms for the Sultan, and sallying forth with fire and sword, traced circles of desolation round their strongholds. But not with impunity. An avenging nation instantly massed about them. All the smaller places, and some of the larger ones, were taken in a few days, and the Turks therein slaughtered and replaced by Christian garrisons. These deeds, of course, still further exasperated the Divan, and preparations were made for invading the country with two powerful armies; one entering from the east, and the other from the west. With the spring of 1806 came a fore-taste of the threatened plague. Strong bands of marauders crossed the Drin, furnishing ample employment to Nenandovitch and his lieutenants, who fought many sharp skirmishes, and won much fame. Towards the middle of June the main armies began to move. On the east Ibrahim, Pacha of Scutari, led a dense mass, 40,000 strong, from Nissa. And on the west the Bosnians approached in one great host of 20,000 men, and several smaller ones of 1,200 to 1,500 apiece. To oppose these armies the Servians brought every man into the field. As in the contest with the Janissaries, the Rayahs served without pay, clothed and armed themselves, and were supplied with food by their non-combative relatives. The weak points of the frontiers were entrenched, and on the spot where the Pacha of Nissa had been beaten, a permanent fortress, called Deligrade, now stood. Here Dobrenyatz took post, and Ibrahim paused with his whole force to besiege him, wasting thus six valuable weeks without achieving the smallest success.

It was different on the Drin. Nenandovitch, though an excellent partisan, and a shrewd politician, was not a general. The multitude of the Bosnians appalled, and the multiplicity of their attacks confused, him. He moved without aim, gave ground without cause, displayed extraordinary irresolution, and finally sent to treat with his antagonists. The Turks detained his emissaries and continued their operations. Jacob and his lieutenants lost the confidence of their men, who mutinied, hunted their chiefs for their lives, and then broke up. All this happened within a week. Masters of the country beyond the Kolubarra, the Bosnians left a third of their force to secure it, and marched with the rest to form a junction with Ibrahim. Serbia was on the brink of ruin. In the Shumadia itself there was much terror, and many of the leaders counselled submission. But this part of the country was not destitute of

spirits, who rose with the tempest, and Czerny George was at their head. He had but 3,000 men on hand, and with these he rushed to intercept the Bosnians. The latter were toiling in two widely divided columns through the gorges of the Kleshtivitza mountains. Seizing a position in front of the heavier column, George garrisoned it with 1,500 men, and entrusted the command to an old friend, the Heyduc Katish. "The Bosnians must not pass," said George, "except over your body." "So be it," replied Katish, and his leader dashed off with the rest of his men to meet the second column. Thinking all secure, the Bosnians straggled through the mountains without precaution, were surprised, and all but exterminated; the few survivors never pausing in their flight until they were over the Drin. George then hurried down the western base of the mountain, hoping to take the rest of the invaders in the rear. In this, however, he was disappointed. The Bosnians slew Katish, but did not pass over his body. Another Heyduc assumed the vacant command, and held the post just as firmly. A hint, too, of the disaster to the right, reached them with that inexplicable speed which distinguishes the spread of battle news. They abandoned the attempt to force a passage, retraced their steps, greatly harassed, and cleared the defile just as the Servian commander came up. These victories were soon widely told, and the spirit of the Rayahs rising as rapidly as it had fallen off, they crowded from their fastnesses until, in less than twenty-four hours, Czerny George was at the head of 12,000 men, 2,000 of whom were mounted. With these he encamped in front of Shavatz, wherein all that was left of the Bosnian army now lay. The town stands on a loop of the Save. The Servians commanded the approaches, and as there were no magazines within the town capable of supporting such a mass, the Turks must either come out and fight or surrender. They were still too numerous, and far too haughty to think of the latter, especially as they were no longer involved among the terrible mountains. They counted, indeed, on nothing short of decisive triumph, and, in their arrogance, sent a flag of truce to the Servians, demanding their arms. "Come and take them," replied Czerny George. In these vaunts the rival races of Asia and Europe displayed their respective characters, as they have done from the dawn of history, and as they will do until its close. The Bosnians accepted the challenge, marched out, and assailed the earthwork, with which, as usual, the Servians had encircled their camp, with a multitude of desultory attacks, which continued without result until the night. The next day was similarly spent. "You have done very well so far," said the retiring Bosnians to their opponents; "but to-morrow we mean to prove the stuff of which you Heyducs are made. Then you shall drive us over the Drin, or we shall thrust you back into the Morava." On the third morning, the battle was resumed in the sight of many spectators. Placing their bravest in front, and raising many banners, the Turks charged in one heavy mass, determined this time to carry all before them. And it seemed as if such, indeed, would be the case. Nearer and nearer they drew, but

not a shot was fired from the entrenchment. At last, when they touched the work, out flashed a volley, and down went all the banners and 500 men. Another volley and another followed in quick succession, and as deadly in effect. The Bosnians halted as if paralysed. Then a beacon was fired within the Servian lines, and at the signal their horsemen, who had been drawn up behind the woods, charged on the flank and rear of the invaders, while Czerny George burst out and bore them down in front. The mass of the Bosnians broke and fled, to perish in great part before a relentless pursuit. But the leaders—thoroughbred Spahis all—disdained to yield an inch or to accept quarter, and died to the last man sword in hand. Leaving Nenandovitch, who now reappeared, to complete the victory, George hurried off to Deligrade, where he arrived on the 6th of August; but there was no more fighting. War was impending between the Sultan and the Czar, and Ibrahim had received directions to make, if not peace, at least a truce that might lead thereto with the Servians. A truce he made, and then withdrew, and negotiations were re-opened at Constantinople that promised brightly for a time. But Napoleon's victories in Poland revived the hopes of the Porte, and the treaty was again broken off.

No sooner had the envoys reached home, in November, than their countrymen proceeded to master the fortresses. Czerny George struck the first great stroke. Taking advantage of the revelry with which the Turks celebrate December 12, the first day of the feast of Bairam, he surprised one of the gates of Belgrade, and pushing his advantage with his usual fierce energy, immediately mastered the town. The citadel surrendered on favourable terms before the week was out. Here the Servians, who had behaved with admirable moderation during the first assault, being incited by some inferior chiefs, broke the capitulation, and murdered all the Turks they could lay hands on, Gusehancz Ali and a few of his men escaping with difficulty down the Danube. The other strong places surrendered as soon as summoned, and all suffered like the citadel of Belgrade.

For the next two years the Servians were left pretty much to their own devices. These years the chiefs employed in intrigues for place, in which they displayed a base capacity worthy of the Greeks of the lower empire. Previous to the last campaign, the four principal captains had ruled the country with nearly equal authority, making and unmaking officials, and arrogating all the powers hitherto exercised by the pachas. His brilliant deeds, great abilities, and commanding character had now, however, lifted George far above his rivals. Of these he had many, and among the bitterest were Nenandovitch, Milenko, and Dobrenyatz. They were able men, very unscrupulous, and worked well together. But George was seconded by men as able, and quite as unscrupulous. Many plots were formed against him, but all failed; and failing, of course, added to his strength. Thus, the war that recommenced in 1809 found him, not, indeed, the titular prince of Servia, but on the point of attain-

ing that addition to his dignity. By that time, too, he had acquired a dreaded repute as a ruler. Several of his lieutenants were quite as tyrannic as the agas, and conspicuous among these detested men were his devoted adherent Theodosi and his own brother Alexin, of whom the one presumed on his services and the other on his relationship. Numerous complaints were made of the rapacity of the former and of the licentious violence of the latter. George was one of those men the measure of whose wrath requires to be filled to overflowing before it makes any sign, and complaint after complaint appeared to fall ineffectually to the ground. At length he was roused, and the result was frightful. He galloped to Theodosi's lodging, summoned the man to come out, and shot him down without a word. As for his brother, he hanged him in front of his own door, in spite of their mother's agony.

Early in 1809 the Turks put their armies in motion, intent on conquering. The Servians, as usual, crossed the border, in anticipation of the attack. Czerny George, at the head of the largest division, marched towards Albania, with the view of exciting a general insurrection of the Christians. The Turks crossed his path, and were thoroughly beaten in a fair fight on the open plain. Hot from the battle, he assaulted the fortress of Seyenitzza, which he captured and destroyed. Here he struck the military road that communicates between Roumelia and Bosnia. Leaving a few chiefs behind to organise revolt, he turned sharp to the eastward, and soon reached the key of the mountains Novibazar, the possession of which would have enabled him to cut the European Empire of the Sultan in twain. He stormed the town, and the citadel was parleying, when he was arrested in the course of victory by tidings of disaster elsewhere. With stern decision, he instantly relaxed his grasp of Novibazar, abandoned all his detachments, and sped by forced marches to the scene of danger.

At this period the Turks were also at war with the Russians, but, thanks to an overflow of the Danube, which impeded the latter, a great army was spared to operate against Servia. Churschid, the able leader of this host, found his foes engaged in a great number of petty enterprises. Milenko was besieging Gladova, far away in the bend of the Danube; Dobrenyatz was raiding in the neighbourhood of Branova; and there was nothing in the front but 3,000 men, covered by a slight redoubt. Stephen Singelitch, who commanded here, demanded assistance from Miloi, who lay behind him with a powerful division. The former, however, was the bosom friend of Milenko, and the latter, who was an adherent of Czerny George, declined to interfere. The Turks captured the entrenchment under his very eyes, and not a single Servian escaped. After fighting a few fight, Singelitch fired the magazine, and perished with a multitude of the foe. It was Miloi's turn next. Dobrenyatz, who came up while he was reeling under a fierce attack, disbanded his men rather than yield assistance, and Miloi's command was destroyed.

Czerny George appeared on the scene, and advanced from Deligrade

to meet Churschid ; but one of his political opponents actually destroyed the fortress behind him, and thus demoralised his army. It would not fight—melted away, in fact, and, for the first time in his life, the Servian commander-in-chief retreated, without striking a stroke, into the Shumadia. There he found the faithful timid, the false mutinous, and everything in confusion. Confounding their country with the man they hated, his rivals looked upon the extremity of both as their opportunity. Defeat was certain to overthrow him, and fascinated by the delightful prospect, they would not see that it was equally certain to ruin themselves. As in the case of all low-bred factions, their patriotism was swallowed up by their political animosity.

Czerny George did not despair. With a few brave men, he took possession of a gorge through which the road wound, and awaited the Turks. They came on like a whirlwind. But before Churschid could deal the decisive stroke, for which he had even raised his hands, an order reached him recalling him to the Danube, where the Russians were carrying all before them. He departed at once, and after his departure the Servians found no difficulty in recovering the ground they had lost. As for the men slain, these were replaced by the influx of fugitives from other quarters.

Victory of course confirmed to Czerny George the ascendant that defeat had so rudely shaken. The franker of his rivals went into exile, while the more wily bent the knee and submitted for the present. Jealousy hid its head, but it was only the more safely to sharpen its fangs against the next opportunity.

The campaign of 1810 was the counterpart of that of 1809. Czerny George displayed all his ability and dashing valour, and one or two of his lieutenants fought like heroes. But the great majority again failed him. As before, several glaring acts of disaffection at the outset spread distrust among the Servians. Beyond the immediate vicinity of the commander-in-chief, the man who ventured to fight was sure to be abandoned and destroyed. Churschid, who headed 80,000 men, was marching from one success to another, when 8,000 Russians, guided by the Heyduc Veliko, joined the Rayahs. Taking advantage of the enthusiasm thus excited, Czerny George instantly marched into the plain, and dared the Turks to a fair fight. Churschid accepted the challenge, and sustained a bloody repulse. He did not retreat, however, for he knew that the Bosnians were over the Drin, and that the chiefs who fronted them were little inclined to make exertions of which Czerny George was to reap the harvest. Churschid therefore entrenched, and determined to wait the result where he was. It was good policy, but he was not permitted to carry it out. As before, he was recalled by Russian success in Bulgaria, and Czerny George was left at liberty to cope with the Bosnians. This he did in his old heroic way. A rapid march brought him, still accompanied by the Russians, into the camp at Losnitz, whence malice instantly slunk out of sight. Chiefs and men lately mutinous or

despondent, clamoured to be led to action, and were gratified. The armies mingled and fought hand to hand with the cold steel. Here George won his greatest victory, and no Servian returned from the pursuit without "a Turkish head slung at his belt." He was over the Drin next morning, but the Bosnians had had enough of fighting, and purchased peace by the cession of a large slice of territory. On their return the Russians captured Gladova and one or two other places, which they gave up to the Servians. Thus the latter closed this threatening campaign with a decided extension of frontier.

During 1811, the Turks could not withdraw a man from the Danube, while the Bosnians were thoroughly crippled. That year, therefore, was spent by the Servians in comparative quiet. In 1812 the Russians and Turks made peace. The former did not neglect the interest of the Rayahs, but were too intent on coming events in another quarter to pay due attention to every point. Several things therefore were left unsettled which the Servians considered of vital moment. A long negotiation ensued between them and their former masters, whose phases varied with the variations of the great struggle in the north. Carried away at length by the earlier incidents of the campaign of 1813, the Turks, deeming that the French were about to resume their conquering career, and that Russia, in consequence, was no longer to be dreaded, broke finally with the Servians.

Fortune has too much to do with success for the latter to be always a test of merit. Failure, however, may in general be accepted as a sufficient proof of incompetence. There are few instances in which it cannot be traced to errors in plan and execution. Measured by this standard, Czerny George must be pronounced an incompetent ruler. The events of 1809-10, displayed the existence and dangers of disaffection. It had thrust him twice over to the brink of destruction. And yet during the long interval of peace, he was at no pains to eradicate the evil. Going on in the old way, he governed as he had been accustomed to fight, carrying all before him by audacity and force,—shooting this one, exiling that, surrounding the senate with an armed force when it ventured to show itself refractory, and occasionally wasting a village with fire and sword when his commands were disregarded. But he never attempted to grapple with his moral difficulties; never tried to gain his open foes or to guard against his secret ones.

In 1813 the Turks had the advantage of being able to hurl their undivided strength against Servia. On his side Czerny George made unusual efforts to meet the danger. He tried hard to make the war a crusade. Days of fasting and prayer were decreed, and all the other methods by which fanaticism may be excited were freely used. He also issued a stirring proclamation in which he reminded the people of his and their victories, and foretold others even more decisive. "We beat them formerly," said he, "when we had everything against us, and shall we not beat them now that we have so much in our favour? Nine years ago we possessed neither warlike experience, nor fortresses, nor a single cannon. Now we have nine strong cities, forty entrenchments, many

veterans, 150 guns, and the confidence that springs from victory." "Yes, that is all very fine," replied a powerful section; "but it is one thing to fight for freedom, and quite another thing to fight for Czerny George."

The military plan first conceived by the Servian chief was worthy of the occasion. It was to concentrate the mass of his forces in the Shumadia, dismantle the frontier fortresses, and devastating the country before the Turks, harass them with a partisan warfare, until they should be reduced to a condition wherein battle would be a defeat and defeat destruction. This plan, however, interfered with the private interests of some of his creatures, who had acquired property along the threatened frontier, and they dwelt so artfully on its weak points that they induced him to abandon it. As before, he scattered his forces, a course which, besides its other disadvantages, gave treachery ample scope. And as before, the Turks attacked in two heavy columns, one from the east and the other from the west.

Churschid, now vizier, advanced from Nissa with his usual vigour. Determined to leave no foe behind him, he marched onward to Viddin, where he beheaded a seraskier who seemed inclined to play into the hand of the Servians. Thence he swept the Danube to Negotin, the first outpost of the Servians, half-way between Viddin and Gladova. The place was small and weak, and Churschid had 18,000 men. But the Heyduc, Veliko, who held Negotin, was worth a host. "May Servia enjoy peace when I am dead; but until then—war," was his usual prayer. A dashing, hair-brained, handsome scamp was he; as generous as a prince, the idol of his Momkes, and not less renowned for his loves than for his feats. He sallied with his horsemen, seized a convoy from the midst of the Turks, and drove it into Negotin. This deed was followed by a hundred like it. His defence, indeed, was a perpetual sally, and the Turks suffered awfully. His Momkes, however, fell fast, and there was no replacing them. So one night he broke sheer through the Turkish lines, and gaining the nearest Servian force, demanded aid. It was promised, and Veliko resumed his post as he had quitted it, over the bodies of the Turks. The promised aid never came. Negotin was battered to atoms, but Veliko clung to the ruins as tenaciously as ever. When he wanted supplies, he issued, and tore them from the grasp of the enemy. At length a cannon-shot carried away half his chest. "Stand fast!" shouted the unyielding Heyduc, and fell dead. Negotin held out five other days. On the sixth, the remnant of Veliko's band carried off a few boats from under the Turkish camp, and made their escape.

The news of the Heyduc's death was the signal for retreat all along the western part, and the Turks followed hotly. By this time the Bosnians were advancing over the Drin, and wherever they appeared the Servians gave way before them. Many of the chiefs actually stood still and looked on, while their more patriotic comrades fought and were cut to pieces. Inaction soon developed into positive treachery, and desertion and capitulation by wholesale followed. No man could be sure of his neighbour, and

every one hastened to do the best he could for himself. All the adherents of Czerny George fled, and with them went the renowned chief himself. He had no alternative. He could not even emulate the heroic fate of Veliko, for nobody would follow him to the fight. "When the Turks are again your masters, you will learn to value me. Then shall I return to victory and vengeance." So saying, Czerny George crossed the Danube, and took shelter among the Austrians.

Servia submitted without further resistance, and suffered fearfully. In less than two years the Rayahs were once more in revolt. They were led this time by Milosh, a man of a very different character to the former chief. Milosh, who had been a drover, knew how to fight when fighting was necessary; but he never used force when intellect could serve his purpose as well. Using skilfully the many difficulties of the Turks, and the sympathy of the western nations, he negotiated, submitted, or made war, according to circumstances; gaining ground by slow but very sure degrees, and contriving to win the confidence of his foes without forfeiting that of his friends.

Wearying of exile, Czerny George reappeared in Servia in 1816, at the invitation, it is said, of Milosh. The thing is not improbable; for the latter was a profound calculator, who could be anything, however demoniac, that policy dictated. George had become a member of that enormous secret society, which, under so many different names, then, and for many a year afterwards, permeated Europe: he was full of revolutionary dreams, which he longed to realise. Milosh had an interview with him, and fathomed all his plans—which was not difficult, seeing that the great but fitful barbarian always "carried his heart on his sleeve" for every daw to peck at. The younger chief then went quietly to deliberate with the Pacha. It was agreed between the two that Czerny George must die, and Milosh undertook to execute the sentence. The exile was immediately surrounded by the Momkes of Milosh. Dreading to attack him openly, they kept him constantly in view, waiting quietly until he should be thrown off his guard. George was not slow to perceive his danger, but what could he do? He was in the centre of the country, and without a friend at hand. To fly would be to court the fatal shot at a disadvantage. He, too, as well as his assassins, was compelled to wait and watch. Grasping his weapons, he set his back against the wall of his hut, and kept his eye fixed on the door. The first night came and passed with the Momkes, as sleepless without as the doomed chief within. The second night passed likewise, so did the third, and finally the fourth. At length, on the fifth morning, the exhausted man dropped his head and slept. He never woke again. In twenty-four hours his head was presented to the Pacha, who despatched it to Constantinople. A national ballad says:

We sent away his gloomy head
To chill the cruel Turk with dread;
But his valiant heart and his good right hand
We keep to guard the Servian land.

Morning.

DAY is dawning. Slim and wide,
 Through the mists that blind it,
 Trembles up the rippling tide
 With the sea behind it.

Like a warrior-angel sped
 On a mighty mission,
 Light and life about him shed,
 A transcendent vision.

Mailed in gold and fire he stands,
 And with splendours shaken,
 Bids the sleeping seas and lands
 Quicken and awaken.

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb.
 Thought has light for neighbour
 Room! the rival giants come—
 Lo, the Sun and Labour.

W. E. HENLEY.

Censure: a Morning's Reverie.

SOMEONE says that "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent." And I won't dispute the assertion, because it is so often true: the distinguished leaders of political parties, for instance, are thoroughly aware of it. But if this mild aphorism is to be raised to the dignity of a rule, I can only say it is a rule which admits of a fair number of exceptions.

So, at least, I thought one morning last summer, as I lay awake, not far from the sea, and heard my landlady "censuring" one of her servants—perhaps the maid-of-all-work. I had fallen asleep on the previous night with the tones of that voice ringing in my ears, and, when they came to me again at my waking moments, it seemed at first as if the censure had continued during the dark hours of night. Such, however, was not the case: the lady had refreshed herself with comfortable rest, and had returned to the charge with renewed vigour.

This was one of the most curious cases I ever knew; for I was told by one who had seen it, that this lady applied to censure as drunkards applied to drams, for relief; and that, after sitting in silence for ten minutes in the evening, she would suddenly rise, with a face that twitched for want of the accustomed stimulant, which she might presently be heard partaking of in the back-kitchen.

I thought, as I lay there, surely this poor maid is not paying a tax to the public for any particular eminence—though there is censure enough in all conscience. If she pays any tax at all, she pays it not to the public, who don't know of her existence, but to the privilege of eating so much food, receiving so many shillings a week, and sleeping on a mattress of such and such a hardness.

No doubt, then, I concluded, the author of this aphorism, like many other authors of neat sayings, either intended to speak loosely, or did not take into consideration the fact, that there are many sorts of censure, and that the recipients of it are numerous and diverse.

I then pursued the subject, from one point to another, till the knuckles of the present recipient of censure struck my door, and put an end to the reverie.

One thing, I am quite sure, should be avoided in censure, and that is its frequent repetition. The mind and its sensibilities grow callous, just as the hand grows horny, by too constant friction. It is a bad thing, too, strongly to censure trifles. Faults lose their proper proportions in the apprehension of the offender, when the censor himself has made so little distinction between them: he has indeed helped to foster the

carelessness which it was his labour to correct—just as the writer who dashes under every sixth word of his MS. teaches his reader to pay no attention to emphasis whatever.

Here is another thought on the subject:—What right have people to blame others when they are conscious of having done the same things themselves? The truth is that there would be very little wholesome censure in the world if everyone were prevented from blaming who had himself sometimes been culpable in the matter he seeks to condemn. The gentleman who is so hard upon our faults, Sunday after Sunday, is bound professionally to blame them; and, though it is just possible that, in some past stage of existence, even though it were on this planet, he may not have been altogether innocent in the things which he chastises, there is no reason why he should hold his hand on that score. So with the lady whose daughter flirts more than is seemly: the mother flirted more than was seemly once; but must she forbear to warn on that account? Some care must be taken, I confess—for the past may be unveiled at any moment. The sober-minded father who chides his son for certain delinquencies at college, may do well to remember that gyps, bedmakers, college-porters, and some tradesmen, occasionally live a long time, and see a second generation. These people, if rapacious, are civil and communicative, and may, perhaps, take a pleasure in indulging the piety of the son, by confiding to him some portions of the early history of the father. Who knows, too, how highly they may colour the picture! There are paths, and even *lanes*, which led, as they now lead, to a certain kind of perdition; and there is an awkwardness in the child, knowing that he has followed too literally in the footsteps of the parent.

But what shall be said of those who censure and sin? The present tense makes all the difference. There must be a decent attempt at consistency, or the censor should retire. Apostolic language is strong on this point:—"Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" So indeed is the vernacular forcible, after its simple fashion: "You're another!" is apt to stop the lips of almost any censor.

But there is a species of censor who is making a considerable stir in the country just now—I mean the wife-beater. Censure and punishment, whilst we must not make them identical, have yet something in common. The very blame itself often inflicts a sort of pain; and when a person is conscious of an unpleasant sensation as a consequence of his fault, there can be no doubt that he is punished. Perhaps, in some cases, the kinder the censure, the more acute the pain and the more severe the punishment. Delicate and sensitive minds, at any rate, may be agonised by a word. To the wife-beater, however, all this would be a refinement which nothing could make him understand. He is generally, though I fear not invariably, in the rank of life of the coal-heaver or cobbler. His notion of censure is often that of physical suffering, and he is not scrupulous or fastidious in the choice of instruments to convey it. And, to do him justice, an over-delicacy in this matter can hardly be expected from him,

and would scarcely answer, were he to assume it. I know that, in the present state of public opinion, he is represented as an unmitigated monster for whom no excuse can be made, and to whom no mercy should be shown. There are instances where such an account of him may be a true one; but there are very many, I imagine, where it is false enough. We must remember with whom he has to deal. Sentimental ladies and gentlemen are apt to picture to themselves, in his victim, a wife the very pink and pattern of sobriety, "chaste as ice, pure as snow," and escaping calumny into the bargain. The probability is, that they are wasting the sweetness of their sympathies in a very desert air indeed. It is hard perhaps sometimes to call a spade a spade, but the truth is that husband and wife have often got disgustingly drunk together at the public-house; and the cases are not infrequent in which a hard-working sober man comes home to find no supper on the table, and no wife that he can talk to—only a loose drunken drab, a filthy house, and starving children. The temptation must be very great to employ the only sort of "censure" which such a woman can understand.

Even in the case of the good man this must be so; and what are we to expect when they both live in the same depths of iniquity? Why, simply this, that they are both very practical people, and are likely to bring matters speedily to an issue. It is far from unlikely that she is the aggressor, and that if she pays any tax for eminence, it is only for the "elevation" produced by strong drink, which is apt to be somewhat sudden in its influence. Now, these are not exactly doves; and, when they have anything on hand, they don't trouble themselves "like doves about a dove-cote," to hover round the "central wish," until they settle there; on the contrary, it is rather their practice to settle matters at once, and in the readiest way that offers. One can hardly expect that *they* will think three times, or any number of times, before resorting to the strongest of measures. The affair is conducted probably somewhat after this fashion. She, in the plenitude of beer, gin, and dirt, throws a jug at his head; and he, with promptitude, employs such "censure" as he may deem expedient at the time, and which he considers adapted to her comprehension: thus we read of the poker, boots, and such-like instruments being employed for the purpose.

How far are we to censure *him*? Some censure he must have; but it is a nice point. I don't like the poker and the boots; but you really can't expect him to say, "My dear girl, pray don't be so excited!" or words to that effect. Indeed, if he *did* say it, the probable result would be that, as the language employed conveyed no meaning whatever, she would consider it an insult of the most galling description—just as O'Connell's fish-wife did when he called her an "equilateral and equiangular pentagon"—and more crockery would pass between them.

But the knuckles had not yet struck my door; and I have another thought to set down.

Criticism (I don't speak of literary criticism now) is sometimes only

another term for "censure." Domestic criticism, if I may use the expression, is often a very bitter sort of censure, and it certainly touches one on the tenderest points. Very few people indeed are in a position to use it at all. Who shall tell you that you spend too much money, or spoil your children, or think too much of your own abilities? And if it is *needless*, it is infamous. Sir Arthur Helps, in a well-known essay, has the following passage:—"I believe that more breaches of friendship and love have been created, and more hatred cemented, by needless criticism than by any one other thing. If you find a man who performs most of the relations of life dutifully, is even kind and affectionate, but who, you discover, is secretly disliked and feared by all his friends and acquaintances, you will often, on further investigation, ascertain that he is one who indulges largely in needless criticism." The fact is that many people censure, not so much for the purpose of doing good, as because they have a constitutional temptation to intrude this "needless criticism." Perhaps there is a sort of latent instinct, teaching that another's faults are the foils to one's own virtues; but the more probable explanation is, I think, that an instinct instructs us, not so much to set our own merits in the alloy of our friends' demerits, as that our own character for *shrewdness* can hardly stand without the assistance of that staff of depreciation with which we have attacked another's wisdom or common sense.

The censure of ignorance is a censure which few dread, and which many welcome that they may laugh at it. It can levy no tax. The mistress who frets her servant by constant scolding may cause grievous irritation before the case-hardening process takes place: the past, perhaps even the present, sinner may come down on occasion with the weight of his moral hammer, and drive the nail some depth in the right direction; the Rough may turn censure into punishment, which is his only notion of it, and produce at last an effect of some sort; but the idiot who blames you for what the whole world knows to be right, has no influence whatever: you only laugh at his budget, and pay no tax at all.

There was one sad thought which struck me in that morning's reverie. There are those who, helpless and without blame, receive, day by day, censure which is cruel, unjust, cowardly. Who shall take the part of these, the obscure, who suffer and forgive, and are out of the sight of the world? Innocent women, and little children who are startled to find there is so much harshness upon earth; such as modestly do their best, and then are coldly told that their best is sin; such as fearlessly do their duty in spite of misconstruction and persecution; who shall say a good word which may shield these, and such as these, from censure? But it can hardly matter; for the most powerful Voice of all has blessed those against whom all manner of evil is spoken falsely.

The knuckles struck my door ten minutes later than they should have done, and I sprang from my bed; for I knew, as perhaps I ought to know now, that to spend more time upon "Censure" would be, in some manner, to deserve it.

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"WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MY POEMS?"

The Band of Ethelberta.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE WINDOW—THE ROAD HOME.



HE dancing was over at last, and the company had left the room. A long and weary night it had been for the two players, though a stimulated interest had hindered physical exhaustion in one of them for a while. With tingling fingers and aching arms they came out of the alcove into the long and deserted apartment, now pervaded by a dry haze. The lights had burnt low, and Faith and her brother were waiting by request till the waggonette was ready to take them home, a breakfast being

in course of preparation for them meanwhile.

Christopher had crossed the room to relieve his cramped limbs, and now, peeping through a crevice in the window-blind, he said suddenly, "Who's for a transformation-scene? Faith, look here—open sesame!"

He touched the blind, up it flew, and a gorgeous scene presented itself to her eyes. A huge incandescent sun was breasting the horizon of a wide sheet of sea which, to her surprise and delight, the mansion overlooked. The brilliant disc fired all the waves that lay between it and the shore at the bottom of the grounds, where the water tossed the ruddy light from one undulation to another in glares as large and clear as mirrors, incessantly altering them, destroying them, and creating them again; while further off they multiplied, thickened, and ran into one another like struggling armies till they met the source of them all.

"Oh, how wonderful it is!" said Faith, putting her hand on Christopher's arm. "Who knew that whilst we were all shut in here with our puny illumination such an exhibition as this was going on outside! How sorry and mean the grand and stately room looks now!"

Christopher turned his back upon the window, and there were the hitherto beaming candle-flames shining no more radiantly than tarnished javelin-heads, while the snow-white lengths of wax showed themselves clammy and cadaverous as the fingers of a woman who does nothing. The leaves and flowers which had appeared so very green and blooming by the artificial light were now seen to be faded and dusty. Only the gilding of the room in some degree brought itself into keeping with the splendours outside, stray darts of light seizing upon it and lengthening themselves out along fillet, quirk, arrie, and moulding till wasted away.

"It seems," said Faith, "as if all the people who were lately so merry here had died: we ourselves look no more than ghosts." She turned up her weary face to her brother's, which the incoming rays smote aslant, making little furrows of every pore thereon, and shady ravines of every little furrow.

"You are very tired, Faith," he said. "Such a heavy night's work has been almost too much for you."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Faith. "But I could not have played so long by myself."

"We filled up one another's gaps; and there were plenty of them towards the morning; but luckily people don't notice those things when the small hours draw on."

"What troubles me most," said Faith, "is not that I have worked, but that you should be so situated as to need such miserable assistance as mine. We are poor, are we not, Kit?"

"Yes, we know a little about poverty," he replied in as cheerful a tone as could be given to the opinion by one who had been made to simmer so painfully over the fires of that affliction as had he.

While thus lingering—

In shadowy thoroughfares of thought,

Faith interrupted with, "I believe there is one of the dancers now!—why, I should have thought they had all gone to bed and wouldn't get up again for days." She indicated to him a figure on the lawn towards the left, looking upon the same flashing scene as that they themselves beheld.

"It is your own particular one," continued Faith. "Yes, I see the blue flowers under the edge of her cloak."

"And I see her squirrel-coloured hair," said Christopher.

Both stood looking at this apparition, who once, and only once, thought fit to turn her head towards the front of the house they were looking from. Faith was one in whom the meditative somewhat overpowered the active faculties; she went on, with no abundance of love, to theorize upon

this gratuitously charming woman, who, striking freakishly into her brother's path, seemed likely to do him no good in her sisterly estimation. Ethelberta's bright and shapely form stood before her critic now, smartened by the notes of sunlight from head to heel: what Faith would have given to see her so clearly within!

"Without doubt she is already a lady of many experiences," she said dubiously.

"And on the way to many more," said Christopher; "perhaps forming altogether a romance curiously built up, and fitted out with circumstance, crisis, and catastrophe, in the regular way—my name possibly written even now as one to be again wrought in with it." The tone was just of the kind which may be imagined of a sombre man who had been up all night piping that others might dance.

Faith parted her lips as if in consternation at possibilities. Ethelberta, having already become an influence in Christopher's system, might soon become more—an indestructible fascination—to drag him about, turn his soul inside out, harrow him, twist him, and otherwise torment him, according to the stereotyped form of such processes. "Never!" exclaimed the youngest of old maids, quivering.

"Whatever does all that mean?" said Christopher.

"I hardly know what; what are poetically called shadows, lights, fancies—in fact, nothing, dear Kit."

They were interrupted by the opening of a door. A servant entered and came up to them.

"This is for you, I believe, sir," he said. "Two guineas; and he placed the money in Christopher's hand. Some breakfast will be ready for you in a moment if you like to have it. Would you wish it brought in here; or will you come to the steward's room?"

"Yes, we will come." And the man then began to extinguish the lights one by one. Christopher dropped the two pounds and two shillings singly into his pocket, and looking listlessly at the footman said, "Can you tell me the address of that lady on the lawn? Ah, she has disappeared!"

"She wore a dress with blue flowers," said Faith.

"And remarkable bright in her manner? Oh, that's the young widow, Mrs.—what's that name—I forget for the moment."

"Widow?" said Christopher, the eyes of his understanding getting wonderfully clear, and Faith uttering a private ejaculation of thanks that after all no commandments were likely to be broken in this matter. "The lady I mean is quite a girlish sort of woman."

"Yes, yes, so she is—that's the one. Coachman says she must have been born a widow, for there is not time for her ever to have been made one. However, she's not quite such a chicken as all that. Mrs. Petherwin, that's the party's name."

"Does she live here?"

"No, she is staying in the house visiting for a few days with her mother-in-law. They are a London family; I don't know her address."

"Is she a poetess?"

"That I cannot say. She is very clever at verses; but she don't lean over gates to see the sun, and goes to church as regular as you or I, so I should hardly be inclined to say that she's the complete thing. When she's up in one of her vagaries she'll sit with the ladies and make up verses out of her head as fast as sticks a-breaking. They will run off her tongue like cotton from a reel, and if she can ever be got in the mind of telling a story she will bring it out that serious and awful that it makes your flesh creep upon your bones; if she's only got to say that she walked out of one door into another, she'll tell it so that there seems something wonderful in it. 'Tis a bother to start her, so our people say behind her back, but once set going the house is all alive with her. However, it will soon be dull enough; she and Lady Petherwin are off to-morrow for Rookington, where I believe they are going to stay over New Year's day."

"Where do you say they are going?" inquired Christopher, as they followed the footman.

"Rookington Park—about three miles out of Sandbourne, in the opposite direction to this."

"A widow," Christopher murmured.

Faith overheard him. "That makes no difference to us, does it?" she said wistfully.

Forty minutes later they were driving along an open road over a ridge which commanded a view of a small inlet below them, the sands of this nook being sheltered by white cliffs. Here at once they saw, in the full light of the sun, two women standing side by side, their faces directed over the sea.

"There she is again!" said Faith. "She has walked along the shore from the lawn where we saw her before."

"Yes," said the coachman, "she's a curious woman seemingly. She'll talk to any poor body she meets. You see she has been out for a morning walk instead of going to bed, and that is some queer mortal or other she has picked up with on her way."

"I wonder she does not prefer some rest," Faith observed.

The road then dropped into a hollow, and the women by the sea were no longer within view from the carriage, which rapidly neared Sandbourne with the two musicians.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHORE BY WYNDWAY.

THE east gleamed upon Ethelberta's squirrel-coloured hair as she said to her companion, "I have come, Picotee; but not as you imagine, from a night's sleep. We have actually been dancing till daylight at Wyndway."

"Then you should not have troubled to come! I could have borne the disappointment under such circumstances," said the pupil-teacher, who, wearing a dress not so familiar to Christopher's eyes as had been the little white jacket, had not been recognized by him from the hill. "You look so tired, Berta. I could not stay up all night for the world!"

"One gets used to things," said Ethelberta, quietly. "I should have been in bed certainly, had I not particularly wished to use this opportunity of meeting you before you go home to-morrow. I could not have come to Sandbourne to-day, because we are leaving to return again to Rookington. This is all that I wish you to take to mother—only a few little things which may be useful to her; but you will see what it contains when you open it." She handed to Picotee a small parcel. "This is for yourself," she went on, giving a small packet besides. "It will pay your fare home and back, and leave you something to spare."

"Thank you," said Picotee, docilely.

"Now, Picotee," continued the elder, "let us talk for a few minutes before I go back: we may not meet again for some time." She put her arm round the waist of Picotee, who did the same by Ethelberta; and thus interlaced they walked backwards and forwards upon the firm flat sand with the motion of one body animated by one will.

"Well, what did you think of my poems?"

"I liked them; but naturally, I did not understand all the experience you describe. It is so different from mine. Yet that made them more interesting to me. I thought I should so much like to mix in the same scenes; but that of course is impossible."

"I am afraid it is. And you posted the book as I said?"

"Yes." She added hurriedly, as if to change the subject, "I have told nobody that we are sisters, or that you are known in any way to me or to mother or to any of us. I thought that would be best, from what you said."

"Yes, perhaps it is best for the present."

"The box of clothes came safely, and I find very little alteration will be necessary to make the dress do beautifully for me on Sundays. It is quite new-fashioned to me, though I suppose it was old-fashioned to you. Oh, and Berta, will the title of Lady Petherwin descend to you when your mother-in-law dies?"

"No, of course not. She is only a knight's widow, and that's nothing."

"The lady of a knight looks as good on paper as the lady of a lord."

"And in other places too sometimes. However, about your journey home. Be very careful; and don't make any inquiries at the stations of anybody but officials. If any man wants to be friendly with you, try to find out if it is from a genuine wish to assist you, or from admiration of your fresh face."

"How shall I know which?" said Picotee.

Ethelberta laughed. "If Heaven does not tell you at the moment I cannot," she said. "But humanity looks with a different eye from love, and upon the whole it is most to be prized by a woman. I believe it ends oftener in marriage than do a lover's flying smiles, so that for this and other reasons love from a stranger is dangerous, both as a game and as a speculation. Well, Picotee, has any one paid you real attentions yet?"

"No—that is ——"

"There is something going on."

"Only a wee bit."

"I thought so. There was a dishonesty about your dear eyes which has never been there before, and love-making and dishonesty are inseparable as coupled hounds. Up comes man, and away goes innocence. Are you going to tell me anything about him?"

"I would rather not, Ethelberta; because it is hardly anything."

"Well, be careful. And mind this, never tell him what you feel."

"But then he will never know it."

"Nor must he. He must think it only. The difference between his thinking and knowing is often the difference between your winning and losing. But general advice is not of much use, and I cannot give more unless you tell more. What is his name?"

Picotee did not reply.

"Never mind: keep your secret. However, listen to this: not a kiss—not so much as the shadow, hint, or merest seedling of a kiss!"

"There is no fear of it," murmured Picotee; "though not because of me!"

"You see, my dear Picotee, a lover is neither a relation nor a stranger; but he may end in being either, and the best way to reduce him to whichever of the two you wish him to be is to treat him like the other. Men who come courting are like bad cooks; if you are kind to them, instead of ascribing it to an exceptional courtesy on your part, they instantly set it down to a marvellous worth on theirs."

"But I ought to favour him just a little, poor thing? Just the smallest glimmer of a gleam!"

"Only a very little indeed—so that your words come as a relief to his misery, not as additions to his happiness."

"It is being too clever, all this; and we ought to be harmless as doves."

"Ah, Picotee! to continue harmless as a dove you must be wise as a serpent, you'll find—ay, ten serpents, for that matter."

"But if I cannot get at him, how can I manage him in these ways you speak of?"

"Get at him? I suppose he gets at you in some way, does he not?—tries to see you, or to be near you?"

"No—that's just the point—he doesn't do any such thing, and there's the worry of it!"

"Well, what a silly girl! Then he is not your lover at all?"

"Perhaps he's not. But I am his, at any rate—twice over."

"That's no use. Furnish feeling for both sides? Why, it's worse than furnishing money for both. You don't suppose a man will give his heart in exchange for a woman's when he has already got hers for nothing? That's not the way old Adam does business at all. If this interesting man of yours neither pities you when he is cool, blesses you when he is warm, nor curses you when he is hot, think no more of him, for he'll never marry you."

Picotee sighed. "Have you got a young man too, Berta?"

"A young man?"

"A lover I mean—that's what we call 'em down here."

"It is difficult to explain," said Ethelberta evasively. "I knew one many years ago, and I have seen him again, and—that is all."

"According to my idea you have one, but according to your own you have not; he does not love you, but you love him—is that how it is?"

"I have not considered quite how it is."

"Do you love him?"

"I have never seen a man I hate less."

"A great deal lies covered up there, I expect!"

"He was in that carriage which drove over the hill at the moment we met here."

"Ah-ah—some great lordship or another who has his day by candle-light, and his night by shutters and blinds. I know the style: carries shillings to give away to beggars instead of pennies, and no more knows how much bread is a loaf than I do the price of queen's crowns."

"I am afraid he's only a township as yet, and not a very large one either.—But surely you guess, Picotee? But I'll set you an example of frankness by telling his name. My friend, Mr. Julian, to whom you posted the book. Such changes as he has seen! He and his sister have been playing dances all night at Wyndway.—What is the matter?"

"Only a pain!"

"My dear Picotee——"

"I think I'll sit down for a moment, Berta."

"What—have you over-walked yourself, dear?"

"Yes—and I got up very early, you see."

"I hope you are not going to be ill, child. You look as if you ought not to be here,"

"Oh, it is quite trifling. Does not getting up in a hurry cause a sense of faintness sometimes?"

"Yes, in people who are not strong."

"If we don't talk about being faint it will go off. Faintness is such a queer thing that to think of it is to have it. Let us talk as we were talking before—about your young man and other indifferent matters, so as to divert my thoughts from fainting, dear Berta. I have always thought the book was to be forwarded to him because he was a connection of yours by marriage, and he had asked for it. And so you have met this—this Mr. Julian, and gone for walks with him in evenings, I suppose, just as young men and women do who are courting?"

"No, indeed—what an absurd child you are!" said Ethelberta. "I knew him once, and he is interesting; a few little things like that make it all up."

"The love is all on one side, as with me."

"Oh, no, no: there is nothing like that. I am not attached to any one, strictly speaking—though, more strictly speaking, I am not unattached."

"'Tis a delightful middle mind to be in. I know it, for I was like it once; but I had scarcely been so long enough to know where I was before I was gone past."

"You should have commanded yourself, or drawn back entirely; for let me tell you that at the beginning of caring for a man—just when you are suspended between thinking and feeling—there is a hair's breadth of time at which the question of getting into love or not getting in is a matter of will—quite a thing of choice. At the same time, drawing back is a tame dance, and the best of all is to stay balanced awhile."

"You do that well, I'll warrant!"

"Well, no; for what between continually wanting to love, to escape the blank lives of those who do not, and wanting not to love, to keep out of the miseries of those who do, I get foolishly warm and foolishly cold by turns."

"Yes—and I am like you as far as the 'foolishly' goes. I wish we poor girls could contrive to bring a little wisdom into our love by way of a change!"

"That's the very thing that leading minds in town have begun to do, but there are difficulties. It is easy to love wisely, but the rich man may not marry you; and it is not very hard to reject wisely, but the poor man doesn't care. Altogether it is a precious problem.—But shall we clamber out upon those shining blocks of rock, and find some of the little yellow shells that are in the crevices? I have ten minutes longer, and then I must go."

CHAPTER VII.

THE DINING-ROOM OF A TOWN HOUSE.—THE BUTLER'S PANTRY.

A FEW weeks later there was a friendly dinner-party at the house of a gentleman called Doncastle, who lived in a moderately fashionable square of west London. All the friends and relatives present were nice people, who exhibited becoming signs of pleasure and gaiety at being there; but as regards the vigour with which these emotions were expressed, it may be stated that a slight laugh from far down the throat and a slight narrowing of the eye were equivalent as indices of the degree of mirth felt to a Ha-ha-ha! and a shaking of the shoulders among the minor traders of the kingdom; and to a Ho-ho-ho! contorted features, purple face, and a stamping foot among the gentlemen in corduroy and fustian who adorn the remoter provinces.

The conversation was chiefly about a volume of musical, tender, and humorous love-ditties and other poetry which had lately appeared, and had been reviewed and talked about everywhere. This topic, which began to be discussed as a private dialogue between a young painter named Ladywell and the lady on his right hand, had enlarged its ground by degrees, as a subject will extend on those rare occasions when it happens to be one about which each person has thought something beforehand, instead of, as in the natural order of things, one to which the oblivious listener replies mechanically, with earnest features, but with thoughts far away. And so the whole table made the matter a thing to enquire or reply upon at once, and isolated rills of other chat died out like a river in the sands.

"Witty things, and occasionally Anacreontic; and they have the originality which such a style must naturally possess when carried out by a feminine hand," said Ladywell.

"If it is a feminine hand," said a man near.

Ladywell looked as if he sometimes knew secrets, though he did not wish to boast, and made no answer.

"Written, I presume you mean, in the Anacreontic measure of three feet and a half—spondees and iambics?" said a gentleman in spectacles, glancing round, and giving emphasis to his enquiry by causing bland glares of a circular shape to proceed from his glasses towards the person interrogated.

The company appeared willing to give consideration to the words of a man who knew such things as that, and hung forward one ear to listen. But Ladywell stopped the whole current of affairs in that direction by saying—

"O no; I was speaking rather of the matter and tone. In fact, the

Seven Days' Review said they were Anacreontic, you know; and so they are—anyone may feel they are."

The general look then implied a false encouragement, and the man in spectacles looked down again, being a nervous person, who never had time to show his merits because he was so much occupied in hiding his faults.

"Do you know the authoress, Mr. Neigh?" continued Ladywell.

"Can't say that I do," he replied.

Neigh was a man who never disturbed the flesh upon his face except when he was obliged to do so, and paused semicolons where other people only paused commas; as he moved his chin in speaking, motes of light from under the candle-shade caught, lost, and caught again the outlying threads of his burnished beard.

"She will be famous some day; and you ought at any rate to read her book."

"Yes, I ought, I know. In fact, some years ago I should have done it immediately, because I had a reason for pushing on that way just then."

"Ah, what was that?"

"Well, I thought of going in for Westminster Abbey myself at that time; but a fellow has so much to do, and——"

"What a pity that you didn't follow it up. A man of your powers, Mr. Neigh——"

"Afterwards I found I was too steady for it, and had too much of the respectable householder in me. Besides, so many other men are on the same tack. Jolland, and Snooks, and Brown, and Chummins, and several more I knew were all that way inclined, and gave up paying their bills, and threw away their brushes and combs, and did no end of preliminary things of that sort; and then I didn't care about it, somehow."

"How is Jolland getting on?"

"I have not heard since he shut himself up and left off mankind."

"I don't understand high art, and am utterly in the dark on what are the true laws of criticism," a plain married lady, who wore archaeological jewellery, was saying at this time. "But I know that I have derived an unusual amount of amusement from those verses, and I am heartily thankful to 'Me' for them."

"I am afraid," said a gentleman who was suffering from a bad shirt-front—as if he were not afraid in the least—"that an estimate which depends upon feeling in that way is not to be trusted as permanent opinion."

The subject now flitted to the other end.

"Somebody has it that when the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains," came from a voice in that quarter.

"I, for my part, like something merry," said an elderly woman, whose

face was bisected by the edge of a shadow, which toned her forehead and eyelids to a livid neutral tint, and left her cheeks and mouth like metal at a white heat in the uninterrupted light. "I think the liveliness of those ballads as great a recommendation as any. After all, enough misery is known to us by our experiences and those of our friends, and what we see in the newspapers, for all purposes of chastening, without having gratuitous grief inflicted upon us."

"But you would not have wished that 'Romeo and Juliet' should have ended happily, or that Othello should have discovered the perfidy of his Ancient in time to prevent all fatal consequences?"

"I am not afraid to go so far as that," said the old lady. "Shakespeare is not everybody, and I am sure that thousands of people who have seen those plays would have driven home more cheerfully afterwards if by some contrivance the characters could all have been joined together respectively. I uphold our anonymous author on the general ground of her levity."

"Well, it is an old and worn argument—that about the inexpediency of tragedy—and much may be said on both sides. It is not to be denied that the lady's verses—for it seems that she is really a woman—are clever."

"Clever!" said Ladywell—the young man with the crescent eyebrows—"they are marvellously brilliant!"

"She is rather warm in her assumed character."

"That's a sign of her actual coldness; she lets off her feeling in theoretic grooves, and there is sure to be none left for practical ones. Whatever seems to be the most prominent vice, or the most prominent virtue, in anybody's writing is the one thing you are safest from in personal dealings with the writer."

"Oh, I don't mean to call her warmth of feeling a vice or virtue exactly——"

"I agree with you," said Neigh to the last speaker but one, in tones as emphatic as they possibly could be without losing their proper character of indifference to the whole matter. "Warm sentiment of any sort, whenever we have it, disturbs us too much to leave us repose enough for writing it down."

"I am sure, when I was at the ardent age," said the mistress of the house, in a tone of pleasantly agreeing with everyone, particularly those who were diametrically opposed to each other, "I could no more have printed such emotions and made them public than I—could have helped privately feeling them."

"I wonder if she has gone through half she says? If so, what an experience!"

"O no—not at all likely," said Mr. Neigh. "It is as risky to calculate people's ways of living from their writings as their incomes from their way of living."

"She is as true to nature as fashion is false," said the painter, in his

warmth becoming scarcely complimentary, as sometimes happens with young persons. "I don't think that she has written a word more than what every woman would deny feeling in a society where no woman says what she means or does what she says. And can any praise be greater than that?"

"Ha-ha! Capital!"

"All her verses seem to me," said a rather stupid person, "to be simply—

Tral'-la-la la'-la-la la',
Tral'-la-la la'-la-la lu',
Tral'-la-la la'-la-la lalla,
Tral'-la-la lu'.

When you take away the music there is nothing left. Yet she is plainly a woman of great culture, who moves with the inner wheel of society."

"Have you seen what the *London Light* says about them—one of the finest things I have ever read in the way of admiration?" continued Ladywell, paying no attention to the previous speaker. He lingered for a reply, and then impulsively quoted several lines from the periodical he had named, without aid or hesitation. "Good, is it not?" added Ladywell.

They assented, but in such an unqualified manner that half as much readiness would have meant more. But Ladywell, though not experienced enough to be quite free from enthusiasm, was too experienced to mind indifference for more than a minute or two. When the ladies had withdrawn, the young man went on:—

"Colonel Staff said a funny thing to me yesterday about these very poems. He asked me if I knew her, and——"

"Her? Why, he knows that it is a lady all the time, and we were only just now doubting whether the sex of the writer could be really what it seems. Shame, Ladywell!" said his familiar friend Neigh.

"Ah, Mr. Ladywell," said another, "now we have found you out. You know her!"

"Now—I say—ha-ha!" continued the painter, with a laugh expressing that he had not at all tried to be found out as the man possessing incomparably superior knowledge of the poetess. "I beg pardon really, but don't press me on the matter. Upon my word the secret is not my own. As I was saying, the Colonel said, 'Do you know her?'—but you don't care to hear?"

"We shall be delighted!"

Ladywell was surprised, for the remark was uttered in a way implying that it was almost true.

"So the Colonel said, 'Do you know her?' adding, in a most comic way, 'Between you and *Me*, Ladywell, I believe there is a secret tie strong as death'—meaning her, you know, by *Me*. Just like the Colonel—ha-ha-ha!"

The older men did not oblige Ladywell a second time with any

attempt at appreciation; but a weird silence ensued, during which the smile upon Ladywell's face became frozen to painful permanence.

"Meaning by *Me*, you know, the 'Me' of the poems—heh-heh!" he repeated.

"It was a very humorous incident certainly," said his kind friend Neigh, at which there was a laugh—not from anything connected with what he said, but simply because it was the right thing to laugh when Neigh meant you to do so.

"Now don't, Neigh—you are too hard upon me. But, seriously, two or three fellows were there when I said it, and they all began laughing—but, then, the Colonel said it in such a queer way, you know. But you were asking me about her? Well, the fact is, between ourselves, I do know that she is a lady; and I don't mind telling a word——"

"But we would not for the world be the means of making you betray her confidence—would we, Jones?"

"No, indeed; we would not."

"No, no; it is not that at all—this is really too bad!—you must listen just for a moment——"

"Ladywell, don't betray anybody on our account."

"Whoever the illustrious young lady may be she has seen a great deal of the world," said Mr. Doncastle, blandly, "and puts her experience of the comedy of its emotions, and method of showing them, in a very vivid light."

"I heard a man say that the novelty with which the ideas are presented is more noticeable than the originality of the ideas themselves," observed Neigh. "The woman has made a great talk about herself; and I am quite weary of people asking of her condition, place of abode, has she a father, has she a mother, or dearer one yet than all other."

"I would have burlesque quotation put down by Act of Parliament, and all who dabble in it placed with him who can cite Scripture for his purposes," said Ladywell, in retaliation.

After a pause Neigh remarked half-privately to their host, who was his uncle: "Your butler, Chickerel, is a very intelligent man, as I have heard."

"Yes, he does very well," said Mr. Doncastle.

"But is he not a—very extraordinary man?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Doncastle, looking up surprised. "Why do you think that, Alfred?"

"Well, perhaps it was not a matter to mention. He reads a great deal, I dare say?"

"I don't think so."

"I noticed how wonderfully his face kindled when we began talking about the poems. Perhaps he is a poet himself in disguise. Did you observe it?"

"No. To the best of my belief he is a very trustworthy and honourable man. He has been with us—let me see, how long?—five months, I think, and he was fifteen years in his last place. It certainly is a new

side to his character if he publicly showed any interest in the conversation, whatever he might have felt."

"Since the matter has been mentioned," said Mr. Jones, "I may say that I too noticed the singularity of it."

"If you had not said otherwise," replied Doncastle, somewhat warmly, "I should have asserted him to be the last manservant in London to infringe such an elementary rule. If he did so this evening it is certainly for the first time, and I sincerely hope that no annoyance was caused——"

"O no, no—not at all—it might have been a mistake of mine," said Jones. "I should quite have forgotten the circumstance if Mr. Neigh's words had not brought it to my mind. It was really nothing to notice, and I beg that you will not say a word to him about it on my account."

"He has a taste that way, my dear uncle, nothing more, depend upon it," said Neigh. "If I had such a man belonging to me I should only be too proud. Certainly do not mention it."

"Of course Chickereel is Chickereel," Mr. Doncastle rejoined. "We all know what that means. And really, on reflecting, I do remember that he is of a literary turn of mind—not further by an inch than is commendable, you know. I am quite aware as I glance down the papers and prints any morning that Chickereel's eyes have been over the ground before mine, and that he generally forestalls the rest of us by a chapter or so in the last new book from Mudie's; but in these vicious days that particular weakness is really virtue, just because it is not quite a vice."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, the reflective man in spectacles; "positive virtues are getting moved off the stage: negative ones are moved on to the place of positives; we thank bare justice as we used only to thank generosity; call a man honest who steals only by law, and consider him a benefactor if he does not steal at all."

"Hear, hear!" said Neigh. "We will decide that Chickereel is even a better trained fellow than if he had shown no interest at all in his face."

"The action being like those trifling irregularities in art at its vigorous periods, which seem designed to hide the unpleasant monotony of absolute symmetry," said Ladywell.

"On the other hand, an affected want of training of that sort would be even a better disguise for an artful man than a perfectly impassible demeanour. He is two removes from discovery in a hidden scheme, whilst a neutral face is only one."

"You quite alarm me by these spacious theories," said Mr. Doncastle, laughing; and the subject then became compounded with other matters, till the speakers rose to rejoin the charming flock upstairs.

In the basement story at this hour Mr. Chickereel, the butler, who had formed the subject of discussion on the floor above, was busily engaged in looking after his two subordinates as they bustled about in the operations of clearing away. He was a man of whom, if the shape of certain bones

and muscles of the face is ever to be taken as a guide to the character, one might safely have predicted conscientiousness in the performance of duties, a thorough knowledge of all that appertained to them, and a general desire to live on without troubling his mind about anything which did not concern him. Any person interested in the matter would have assumed without hesitation that the estimate his employer had given of Chickereel was a true one—more, that not only would the butler under all ordinary circumstances resolutely prevent his face from showing curiosity in an unbecoming way, but that, with the soul of a true gentleman, he would, if necessary, equivocate as readily as the noblest of his betters to remove any stain upon his honour in such trifles. So it is apparent that if Chickereel's countenance really appeared, as Neigh had asserted, full of curiosity with regard to the gossip that was going on, the feelings which led to the exhibition must have been of a very unusual and irrepressible kind.

His hair was of that peculiar bluish-white which is observed when the oncoming years, instead of singling out special locks of a man's head for operating against, advance uniformly over the whole field, and enfeeble the colour at all points before absolutely extinguishing it anywhere; his nose was of the knotty shape in the gristle and earthward tendency in the flesh which is commonly said to carry sound judgment above it; his eyes were thoughtful, and his face was thin—a contour which, if it at once abstracted from his features that cheerful assurance of singleminded honesty which adorns the exteriors of so many of his brethren, might have raised a presumption in the minds of some beholders that perhaps in this case the quality might not be altogether wanting within.

The coffee having been served to the people upstairs, one of the footmen rushed into his bedroom on the lower floor, and in a few minutes emerged again in the dress of a respectable clerk who had been born for better things, with the trifling exceptions that he wore a low crowned hat, and instead of knocking his heels on the pavement walked with a gait as delicate as a lady's. Going out of the area-door with a cigar in his mouth he mounted the steps hastily, to keep an appointment round the corner—the keeping of which as a private gentleman necessitated the change of the greater part of his clothes twice within a quarter of an hour—the limit of his time of absence. The other footman was upstairs, and the butler, finding that he had a few minutes to himself, sat down at the table and wrote:—

“My dear Ethelberta,—I did not intend to write to you for some few days to come, but the way in which you have been talked about here this evening makes me anxious to send a line or two at once, though I have very little time to spare, as usual. We have just had a dinner-party—indeed the carriages have not yet been brought round—and the talk at dinner was about your verses, of course. The thing was brought up by a young fellow named Ladywell—do you know him? He is a painter by profession, but he has a pretty good private income beyond what he gets

by practising his line of business among the nobility, and that I expect is not little, for he is well known, and encouraged because he is young, and good-looking, and so forth. His family own a good bit of land somewhere out Norfolk way. However, I am before my story. From what they all said it is pretty clear that you are thought a great deal of in fashionable society as a poetess—but perhaps you know this as well as I—moving in it as you do yourself, my dear.

“The ladies afterwards got very curious about your age, so curious in fact, and so full of certainty that you were 35 and a blighted existence if an hour, that I felt inclined to rap out there and then, and hang what came of it: ‘My daughter, ladies, was to my own and her mother’s certain knowledge only 21 last birthday, and has as bright a heart as anybody in London.’ A smart thunderbolt like that is almost worth a servant’s place sometimes, considering the good it does his heart. One of them actually said that you must be 50 to have got such an experience. Her guess was a very shrewd one in the bottom of it, however, for it was grounded upon the way you use those strange experiences of mine in the society that I tell you of, and dress them up as if they were yours; and, as you see, she hit off my own age to a year; I thought it was very sharp of her to be so right although so wrong.

“I do not want to influence your plans in any way about things which your school learning fits you to understand much better than I who never had such opportunities, but I think that if I were in your place, Berta, I would not let my name be known just yet, for people always want what’s kept from them, and don’t value what’s given. If penny oranges were a pound apiece all the House of Lords would sit sucking them. I am not sure, but I think that after the women had gone upstairs the others turned their thoughts upon you again; what they said about you I don’t know, for if there’s one thing I hate ’tis hanging about the doors when the men begin to get moved by their wine, which they did to a large extent to-night, and spoke very loud. They always do here, for old Don is a hearty giver in his way. However, as you see these people from their own level now, it is not much that I can tell you in seeing them only from the underside, though I see strange things sometimes, and of course—

What great ones do the less will prattle of,

as it says in that book of select pieces that you gave me.

“Well, my dear girl, I hope you will prosper. One thing above all others you’ll have to mind, and it is that folk must continually strain to advance in order to remain where they are: and you particularly. But as for trying too hard, I wouldn’t do it. Much lies in minding this, that your best plan for lightness of heart is to raise yourself a little higher than your old mates, but not so high as to be quite out of their reach. All human beings enjoy themselves from the outside, and so getting on a little has this good in it, you still keep in your old class where your feelings are, and are thoughtfully treated by this class: while by getting on too much you are sneered at by your new acquaintance, who don’t

know the skill of your rise, and you are parted from and forgot by the old ones who do. Whatever happens, don't be too quick to feel. You will surely get some hard blows when you are found out, for if the great can find no excuse for hitting with a mind, they'll do it and say 'twas in fun. But you are young and healthy, and youth and health are power. I wish I could have a decent footman here with me, but I suppose it is no use trying. It is such men as these that provoke the contempt we get. Well, thank God a few years will see the end of me, for I am growing ashamed of my company—so different as it is from that of old times.

"Your affectionate father,

R. CHICKEREL."

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTOPHER'S LODGINGS—THE GROUNDS ABOUT ROOKINGTON.

MEANWHILE, in the distant town of Sandbourne, Christopher Julian had recovered from the weariness produced by his labours at the Wyndway evening party where Ethelberta had been a star. Instead of engaging his energies in clearing encumbrances from the tangled way of his life, he now set about reading the popular "Metres by Me" with more interest and assiduity than ever; for though Julian was a thinker by instinct, he was only a worker by effort; and the greater of these conditions being dependent upon the less for its exhibition there was often a lamentable lack of evidence of his power in either. It is a provoking correlation, and has conduced to the obscurity of many a genius.

"Kit," said his sister, on reviving at the end of the bad headache which had followed the dance, "those poems seem to have increased in value with you. The lady, lofty as she appears to be, would be flattered if she only could know how much you study them. Have you decided to thank her for them? Now let us talk it over—I like having a chat about such a pretty new subject."

"I would thank her in a moment if I were absolutely certain that she had anything to do with sending them, or even writing them. I am not quite sure of that yet."

"How strange that a woman could bring herself to write those verses!"

"Not at all strange—they are natural outcomes."

Faith looked critically at the remoter caverns of the fire.

"Why strange?" continued Christopher. "There is no harm in them."

"O no—no harm. But I cannot explain to you—unless you see it partly of your own accord—that to write them she must be rather a fast lady—not a bad fast lady; a nice fast lady I mean, of course. There, I have said it now, and I daresay you are vexed with me, for your interest in her has deepened to what it originally was, I think. I don't mean any absolute harm by 'fast,' Kit."

"Bold, forward, you mean, I suppose?"

Faith tried to hit upon a better definition which should please all round; and, on failing to do so, looked concerned at her brother's somewhat grieved appearance, and said, helplessly, "Yes, I suppose I do."

"My idea of her is quite the reverse. A poetess must intrinsically be sensitive, or she could never feel: but then, frankness is a rhetorical necessity even with the most modest, if their inspirations are to do any good in the world. You will, for certain, not be interested in something I was going to tell you, which I thought would have pleased you immensely; but it is not worth mentioning now."

"If you will not tell me, never mind. But don't be crabbed, Kit! You know how interested I am in all your affairs."

"It is only that I have composed an air to one of the prettiest of her songs, 'When tapers tall'—but I am not sure about the power of it. This is how it begins—I threw it off in a few minutes, after you had gone to bed."

He went to the piano and lightly touched over an air, the manuscript copy of which he placed in front of him; and listened to hear her opinion, having proved its value frequently; for it was not that of a woman merely, but impersonally human. Though she was unknown to fame, this was a great gift in Faith, since to have an unsexed judgment is as precious as to be an unsexed being is deplorable.

"It is very fair indeed," said the sister, scarcely moving her lips in her great attention. "Now again and again and again. How could you do it in the time!"

Kit knew that she admired his performance: passive assent was her usual praise, and she seldom insisted vigorously upon any view of his compositions unless for purposes of emendation.

"I was thinking that as I cannot very well write to her, I may as well send her this," said Christopher, with lightened spirits, voice to correspond, and eyes likewise; "there can be no objection to it, for such things are done continually. Consider while I am gone, Faith. I shall be out this evening for an hour or two."

When Christopher left the house shortly after, instead of going into the town on some errand, as was customary whenever he went from home after dark, he ascended a back street, passed over the hills behind, and walked at a brisk pace inland along the road to Rookington Park, where, as he had learnt, Ethelberta and Lady Petherwin were staying for a time, the day or two which they spent at Wyndway having formed a short break in the middle of this visit. The moon was shining to-night, and Christopher sped onwards over the pallid high road as readily as he could have done at noonday. In three-quarters of an hour he reached the park gates; and entering now upon a tract which he had never explored before, he went along more cautiously and with some uncertainty as to the precise direction that the road would take. A frosted expanse of even grass, on which the shadow of his head appeared with an opal halo round it,

soon allowed the house to be discovered beyond, the other portions of the park abounding with timber older and finer than that of any other spot in the neighbourhood. Christopher withdrew into the shade, and wheeled round to the front of the building that contained his old love. Here he gazed and idled, as many a man and a Romeo has done before him—wondering which room the fair poetess occupied, waiting till lights began to appear in the upper windows—which they did as uncertainly as glow-worms blinking up at eventide—and warming with currents of revived feeling in perhaps the sweetest of all conditions. New love is brightest, and long love is greatest; but revived love is the tenderest thing known upon earth.

Occupied thus, Christopher was greatly surprised to see, on casually glancing to one side, another man and a Romeo standing close to the shadowy trunk of another tree, in a similar attitude to his own, gazing, with arms folded, as blankly at the windows of the house as Christopher himself had been gazing. Though nothing in his own action had appeared at all black or villanous to him, this duplicate of the act in somebody else he instantly felt to be a contemptible thing, demanding instant hatred. Not willing to be discovered, Christopher, with a stern face, stuck closer to the tree. While he waited thus, the stranger began murmuring words, in a slow soft voice. Christopher listened till he heard the following:—

Pale was the day and voiceless, love,
That had an eve so dim.

Two well-known lines from one of Ethelberta's poems.

Jealousy is a familiar kind of heat which encircles, disfigures, licks playfully, clouds, blackens, eats into, steams, and boils a man as a fire does a pot; and on recognising these pilferings from what he had grown to regard as his own treasury, Christopher's upper row of teeth dragged slightly backwards and forwards upon his lower, and his fingers began to nestle with great vigour in the palms of his hands. Three or four minutes passed, when the unknown rival gave a last glance at the windows, and walked away. Christopher did not like the look of that walk at all—there was grace enough in it to suggest that his antagonist had no mean chance of finding favour in a woman's eyes. A sigh, too, seemed to proceed from the stranger's breast; but as their distance apart was too great for any such sound to be heard by any possibility, Christopher set down that to imagination, or to the brushing of the wind over the trees.

The lighted windows went out one by one, and all the house was in darkness. Mr. Julian then walked off himself, with a vigour that was spasmodic only, and with much less brightness of mind than he had experienced on his journey hither. The stranger had gone another way, and Christopher saw no more of him. When he reached Sandbourne, Faith was still sitting up.

"But I told you I was going to take a long walk," he said.

"No, Christopher: really you did not. How tired and sad you do

look—though I always know beforehand when you are in that state : one of your feet has a drag about it as you pass along the pavement outside the window."

"Yes, I forgot that I did not tell you."

He could not begin to tell her about his pilgrimage : it was too silly a thing even for her to hear of.

"It does not matter at all about my staying up," said Faith, assuringly ; "that is, if exercise benefits you. Walking up and down the lane, I suppose?"

"No ; not walking up and down the lane."

"The turnpike-road to Rookington is pleasant."

"Faith, I know you think me a simpleton : that is really where I have been. How came you to know?"

"I only guessed. Verses and an accidental meeting produce a special journey."

"Ethelberta is a fine woman, physically and mentally, both. I wonder people do not talk about her twice as much as they do."

"Then surely you are getting attached to her again. You think you discover in her more than anybody else does ; and love begins with a sense of superior discernment."

"I don't feel it."

"And ends with a sense of blindness."

"And I don't feel that. What is it like in the middle? You may spot me there."

"It is not so bad as that, Christopher, is it? she exclaimed, looking up ruefully.

"Upon my life it is, Faith—worse luck—and I'll be reasonable enough to own it!" he said, with listless woe, his eyebrows making towards the roots of his hair. "I may as well confess to you, for you are the only being on earth who will not call me a fool. She has got me again as much as ever. And the quantities of things I have sworn against her : it is terrible to think of them !—However, love her or love her not, I can keep a corner of my heart for you, Faith.—There is another brute after her, too, it seems."

"Of course there is : I expect there are many. Her position in society is above ours ; so do you not think that it is an unwise course to go troubling yourself more about her?"

"No. If a needy man must be so foolish as to fall in love, it is best to do so where he cannot double his foolishness by marrying the woman."

"I don't like to hear you talk so slightly of what poor father and mother did."

"Marriage is only an accident of situation, situation an accident of history, history of geography, geography of astronomy—and there we go."

"Astronomy of telescopes, telescopes of men, men of marriage—there we are back again, and that's the end of all such silly reasoning."

Christopher fixed his attention on the supper. That night, late as it was, when Faith was in bed and sleeping, Christopher sat before a sheet of music-paper, neatly copying his composition upon it.

CHAPTER IX.

A VILLAGE INN—ROOKINGTON DRIVE—CHRISTOPHER'S ROOMS.

In the general travellers' room of a village inn, not far from Rookington House, a young man sat about noon the next day, partaking of the most delicate luncheon that the house afforded; the chief delicacy being the whiteness of the table-cloth. This person was the painter who had sung the praises of Ethelberta at the dinner in Chevron Square. The term of Ladywell's visit to Wyndway having expired, he had returned to London, with concealed despair on matters connected with eyes, lips, hair, and so on, as observed in Ethelberta, to take his place at Mr. Doncastle's table as we have seen; and at length had sneaked down here again by the only sort of sneaking that is not mean—a lover's—to get a sight of her once more if he could possibly find her. His first disappointment was to discover that she had left Wyndway for Rookington, a house whose inmates he knew nothing of. He walked round the premises that very night.

Being a painter, he naturally felt himself compelled to have an artist's eye for everything quaint and queer; and to-day, as he sat in the inn, whilst secretly preferring the pictorial effect of London hotels and clubs to anything the country could offer, he conscientiously scrutinized the unceiled woodwork overhead, dyed by the smoke to the hues of deep dark wines and coffees, and observed with critical clearness the panoramic series of engravings of a fox-hunting, wherein occurred the well-known melancholy portrait of a gentleman, that consists of his boots only, as they appear sticking up from the surface of a stream into which he has fallen head foremost.

Ladywell heard a footstep in the passage, and on looking round saw Christopher enter the room, bearing under his arm a roll of the music he had been at such pains to compose and copy on the previous days. Julian had an idea that he recognised the face as one which the moonlight had illuminated the night before in the park hard by, and he was certain that it was the face of the man he had seen dancing at the ball with Ethelberta. He composed his countenance as well as a serious antagonism would allow him, went into the kitchen, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy pass out.

Christopher despatched some rare old ale, which, well followed for half-an-hour, would have drawn "Here's a health to all good lasses," from the throat of a bishop, and departed in his turn, continuing his journey towards Rookington House, with the view of obtaining audience of Ethelberta. The stroke, conventionally, was a bold one; yet in a simple

human light, it was the meekest of meek deeds, he reflected; "and there must have been a natural impulsive time in human history, before a gim-crack social machinery came into vogue, when every man flew like an arrow to the feet of every woman that attracted him, without a thought of ceremony," he said aloud.

Julian passed the lodge as on the previous evening, and took a short cut across the open glade, where numbers of rooks dotted the ground like parsons at a Visitation. The walk was a pleasant one to him, notwithstanding that it was one of those perplexing days of winter when the weather, by continually hitting on this side and on that of the division between wet and fine, is regarded as of whichever sort the mood of the observer requires as its background. In the drive before him he saw a pedestrian carrying a portfolio under his arm; but Christopher did not recognise the man as Ladywell, whom he had seen taking lunch at the inn, until he had entered the drive himself. The two young men stole an under glance at each other, felt an instinctive objection to one another's feet, legs, and so on upwards to their heads, and walked along silently at opposite sides of the road, as uniform and as parallel in their advance as a pair of wheels on one axle, and as rigorously separate.

On nearing the house, Julian's heart was inclined to beat with thrills of pleasure at thoughts of Ethelberta within, but the intruder's presence exercised a constraint over his feelings. Seeing a man-servant at the front entrance, he renounced his original modest intention of going to the side door, and advanced with his music-roll, Ladywell at the same time doing the same thing.

Ladywell then got a little the better of him, and addressed the porter, whose reply Christopher heard.

"Mrs. Petherwin? She does not live here. A lady of that name was staying here for a few days at Christmas, but she has gone home now."

At the sound of words about her, Christopher could not help blushing a good deal, and being a pale man it showed all the more. Looking to see if Ladywell observed his weakness, he saw that Ladywell was in the middle of precisely the same kind of blush at the same sound. Knowing by this that Ladywell was as shamefaced as himself about his love, Christopher stood up boldly and spoke out.

"Will you oblige me by giving me her address?"

"And me, please," said Mr. Ladywell. "I promised her some drawings at Wyndway the other day, and I wish to send them. It is the same Mrs. Petherwin who was at Wyndway with Lady Petherwin?"

"Yes, sir; they did go to Wyndway for a day or two, our family as well. I have heard her address, but I don't recollect it. Perhaps when Sir James comes home, he may be able to tell you."

"Ah, thanks, but it is not—I understood that she lived here—I will call again," stammered Ladywell, withdrawing. Christopher, keeping in an ancient exclamation as he heard his questions forestalled word for word by his companion, had also turned away; and now, pacing down the avenue,

much out of heart, he heard Ladywell's footsteps behind him, fruitlessness resounding from every tread of the painter likewise. Quickening his own pace, he put greater distance between them, and proceeded homeward.

"Well, after all my trouble to find out about Ethelberta has been in vain, here comes the clue without my asking for it," said Christopher to Faith, a few weeks after the unproductive walk to Rookington Park, described above.

She turned, and saw that he was reading the *Wessex Reflector*.

"What is it?" asked Faith.

"The secret of the true authorship of the book is out at last, and it is Ethelberta of course. I am so glad to have it proved hers."

"But can we believe——?"

"O yes. Just hear what 'Our London Correspondent' says. It is one of the nicest bits of gossip that our town friend has furnished us with for a long time—how he must get about to find out such things! I should like to know this London Correspondent very much; he must be an awfully nice jovial sort of fellow."

"Yes: now read it, do."

"The author of 'Metres by Me,' " Christopher began, "a book of which so much has been said and conjectured, and one, in fact, that has been the chief talk for several weeks past of the literary circles to which I belong, is a young lady who was a widow before she reached the age of eighteen, and is now not far beyond her fourth lustrum. I was additionally informed by a friend whom I met yesterday on his way to the House of Lords, that her name is Mrs. Petherwin—Christian name Ethelberta; and that she resides with her mother-in-law at their house in Connaught Crescent. She is, moreover, the daughter of the late Bishop of Silchester (if report may be believed), whose active benevolence, as your readers know, left his family in comparatively straitened circumstances at his death. The marriage was a secret one, and much against the wish of her husband's friends, who are wealthy people on all sides. The death of the bridegroom two or three weeks after the wedding led to a reconciliation; and the young poetess was taken to the home which she still occupies, devoted to the composition of such brilliant effusions as those the world has lately been favoured with from her pen."

"If you want to send her your music, you can do so now," said Faith.

"I might have sent it before, but I wanted to deliver it personally. However, it is all the same now I suppose whether I send it or not. The fact is, I always knew that our destinies would lie apart, though she was once temporarily under a cloud. Her momentary inspiration to write that 'Cancelled Words' was the worst possible omen for me. It showed that, thinking me no longer useful as a practical chance, she would make me ornamental as a poetical regret. But I'll send the manuscript of the song."

"In the way of business, as a composer only; and you must say to

yourself, 'Ethelberta, as thou art but woman, I dare; but as widow, I fear thee.'"

"Ha ha! yes. It would have been pleasant enough to see and speak to her once more, too. But I send it only in the way of business—strictly as business, as you say, Faith."

Notwithstanding Christopher's affected carelessness, that evening saw a great deal of nicety bestowed upon the operation of wrapping up and sending off the song. He dropped it into the box and heard it fall, and with the curious power which he possessed of setting his wisdom to watch any particular folly in himself that it could not hinder, speculated as he walked on the result of this first tangible step of return to his old position as Ethelberta's lover.

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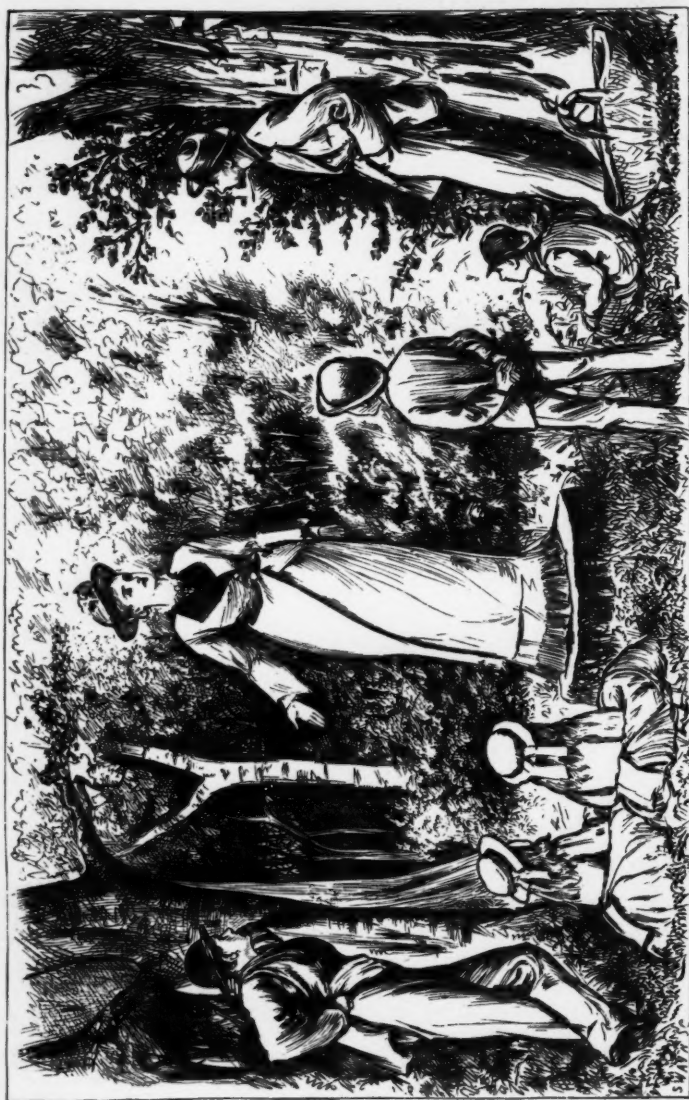
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